THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1054

FEBRUARY 13, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

D'OYLY CARTE SEASON—DOUBLE PAGE IN COLOUR

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

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The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
Spinet The SUPER Mixture
2/2 per 2oz. in enamelled pocket tins.

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By Appointment to

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By taking frequently internally half a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly. IT IS TASTELESS.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
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FREE—Write for Booklet: "For Health and Beauty."

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MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

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Other "Standard" models from **£235.**

Dunlop Tyres.

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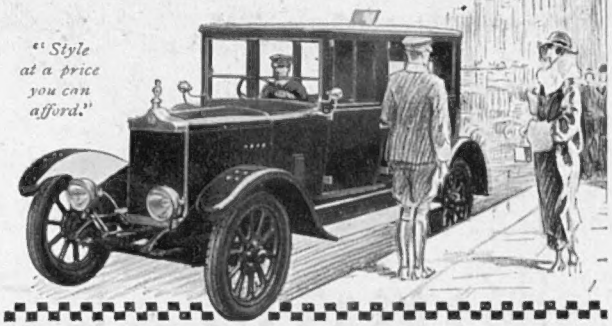

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Useful and Attractive Princess Slip *of gauze lace wool, full length. Hemstitched plain top and hem ribbon shoulder straps to match garment. Straight back and front, slightly full on hips, prettily trimmed small ribbon rosettes and ends in self or contrasting colours. In White, Pink, Mauve, Beige, Fawn, Camel, Grey, Nude, Cyclamen, Flame, Champagne, Azalea, Apple, Almond, Saxe, or Black.*

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We are exhibiting at British Empire Exhibition, April to October this year. Stand H.S.11.

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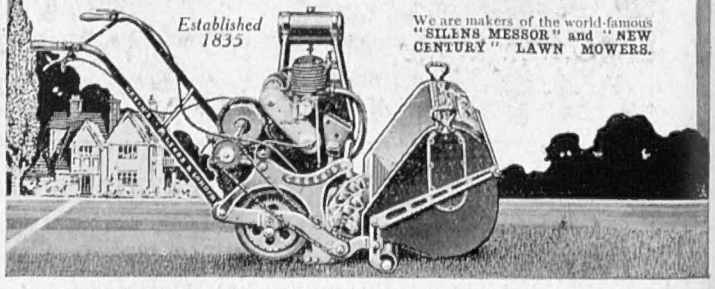
Established 1835

We are makers of the world-famous "SILENS MESSOR" and "NEW CENTURY" LAWN MOWERS.



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No. 511 BM.

Useful Coarse Straw Hat

Trimmed and bound Ribbon Velvet. Colours—Nigger, Horana, Beaver, Grey, Navy or Black

Price 12/11

290 to 322, Oxford Street, London, W.

Perfect!

They realise the perfect enjoyment that has been theirs: the performer by the response of the instrument to her deft control, and the listeners by the natural beauty and expression of the music they have just heard.

You can own a TRIUMPHAUTO Player-Piano, and enjoy the best of music in your own home, without any difficulty: by exchanging your ordinary piano and paying the balance by

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your pleasure need not involve you in heavy initial expense. Write for Catalogue "R" or call for a demonstration—there is an instrument in the Salons that will just suit you.

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187-191 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

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"Yes Sir! O·V·H is the one whisky of which I can say with confidence It is the best"

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Old Vatted Highland

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WILLIAM GREER & Co., Ltd., *Distillers.*
133 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.
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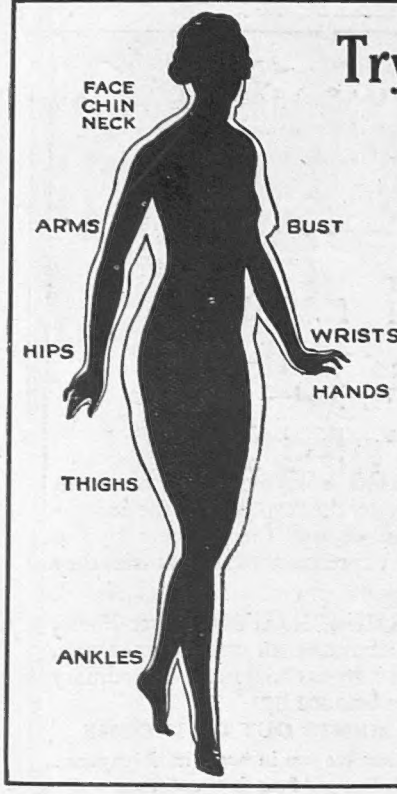
Remember the name, always ask for GREER'S O·V·H



Try the Chic Parisiennes' Way of Making the Figure Slim and Graceful

It "Slenderises" the Bust, Hips, Arms and Ankles and Restores "Fat-Hidden" Figure Beauty

FRENCHWOMEN naturally "run to fat," but Parisiennes of to-day are as slim and graceful as most English girls in their 'teens and early twenties.

Their method of making and keeping their figures so charmingly slim and graceful is now rapidly being adopted in this country by men as well as women desirous of keeping their figures free from unsightly fat. In Paris, Clark's Thinning Treatment is very well known indeed. Undoubtedly the triumphant success of this treatment is largely due to the fact of it being a three-in-one treatment, consisting of (1) Bath Salts, (2) Reducing Paste, and (3) fat-corrective pastilles.

The **Bath Salts** have a peculiar effect upon the sluggish and puffy skin of those who "run to fat."

The **reducing paste** for **local** application increases the **reducing effect upon any part of the body** to which it is applied, notably in the case of double chin, facial fat, too prominent bust, too fat arms or hands, or "thick ankles."

The **pastilles** correct the too-active bodily habit of disfiguring fat-accumulation.

All those who try Clark's thinning treatment from Paris will quickly see how wonderfully it makes and keeps the whole of the figure slim and graceful.

A rapidly increasing number of English ladies (and men) are now obtaining the complete treatment for a period amply sufficient to demonstrate why Parisiennes are so enthusiastic about it. The inclusive price is **20/-** (with "Directions") (post free) in plain wrapper from the London Agents.

After this complete treatment has been carried out, many find the use of Clark's Thinning Bath Salts sufficient to maintain their slimness, grace and feeling of well-being. These are obtainable at **1/3** a packet, or 12 packets for **13/6**, from Chemists and Stores, or **post free direct** from the London Agents: **HEPPELLS,** Chemists, 164 Piccadilly, London, W.1, and Brighton.

Sole British Agents: *Heppells* **Chemists, 164 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (& BRIGHTON).**

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC

CLARK'S THINNING BATH SALTS

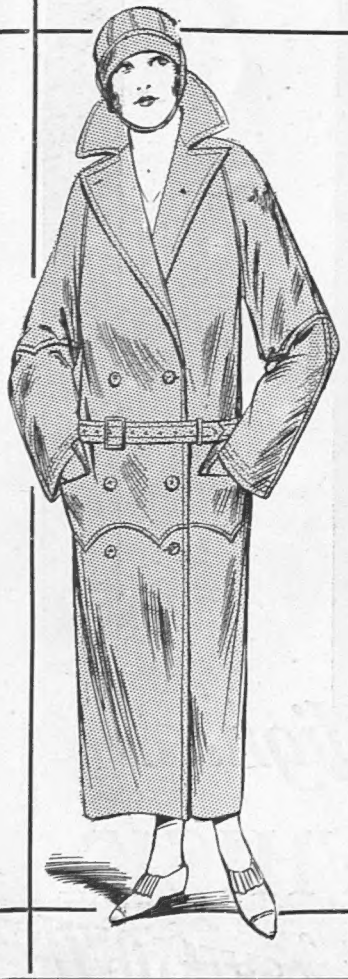
(Prepared by Clark's of Rue Vivienne, Paris)

as used by those who have taken the Complete Clark's Thinning Treatment, is obtainable

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES AT 1/3 A PACKET

or **12 Packets for 13/6,** or post free direct from

Sole British Agents: HEPPELLS, Chemists, 164 Piccadilly, London, W.1.



NEW COATS FOR COUNTRY WEAR

IN the making of country clothes two things are essential, namely, practical cut which gives comfort to the wearer, and the use of thoroughly reliable materials. The Coat illustrated has been designed and made by expert tailors who have made a special study of the requirements necessary for this type of garment, and we have every confidence in guaranteeing that they will give satisfaction in wear.

NEW LEATHER COAT, cut on thoroughly practical lines, with easy armholes, belt, pockets, and new deep-shaped cuffs and flounce, lined throughout with warm fleece and finished at cuffs with inside wind sleeves. In Brown only.

PRICE

89/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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FURNITURE, exceptionally fine modern, also **GENUINE ANTIQUES** and **WORKS OF ART** including draperies, carpets, etc.

The whole of this magnificent collection, removed from the West End to our Depositories, for convenience of sale, CAN BE SEEN DAILY FROM 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURS. and SATS Any item may be purchased separately. Goods not required for immediate delivery can remain stored FREE 12 months. Payment when required. A unique opportunity for private buyers and dealers alike.

DINING-ROOM, RECEPTION-ROOMS, and **LIBRARIES** comprise choice examples of Adams, Chippendale, and Sheraton style, besides old oak refectory and other tables, Charles and Cromwellian chairs and buffets, old armour, and other trophies. A COMPLETE SET OF JACOBEAN DESIGN, INCLUDING BUFFET SIDEBOARD, CHAIRS, and DINING TABLE, offered at 18 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE, including sideboard, dining chairs, and dining table, offered at 35 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN SHERATON STYLE, including sideboard, set of dining chairs and dining table, offered at 45 Gns. These few examples serve to illustrate the extremely low prices at which these goods are being sold. A VERY MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE DINING-ROOM SET OF QUEEN ANNE STYLE in finely figured walnut with carved and gilt relief, original cost 700 Gns., is being disposed of at 276 Gns. Art dealers should inspect. Grandfather clock en suite 20 Gns.

BEDROOMS AND DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, TALL BOY AND OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES, in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost.

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DRAWING-ROOMS AND BOUDOIRS in English and Continental styles. Art dealers' attention is particularly called to a complete set of Louis XV style, comprising large settee and 6 fauteuils, 3-fold screen, and window seat, very finely carved and gilt, seats and backs covered fine old Aubusson tapestries.

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES & EASY CHAIRS are of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs and covered in real leather, choice silk, velvets, tapestries, and art linen, settees 3 gns. each up to 35 gns., and easy chairs from 37s. 6d. each up to 20 gns.

PIANOFORTES.—A fine toned grand pianoforte in first-class condition offered at 25 guineas, and upright pianofortes from 10 guineas.

Valuable collection of statuary, marble figures, also bronzes, FRENCH CHINA DESSERT SETS COMPLETE at 2 guineas.

COMPLETE CANTEENS containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb and other eminent makers, from £4 17s. 6d.; **FINE CUT GLASS** and other table services, silver and plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.

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'Buses No. 4, 19, 30 and 43 pass our door.

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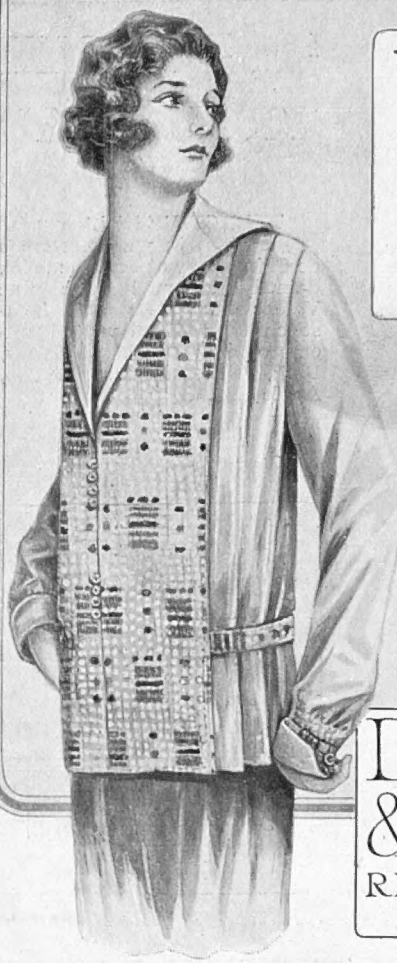

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NOW IN PROGRESS

Smart JUMPER BLOUSE
of White Washing Crepe, with waistcoat front and trimmings of Rodier material in all soft colourings.
WHITE SALE PRICE 21/9
SIZE 48 3/- Extra

DICKINS & JONES LTD.
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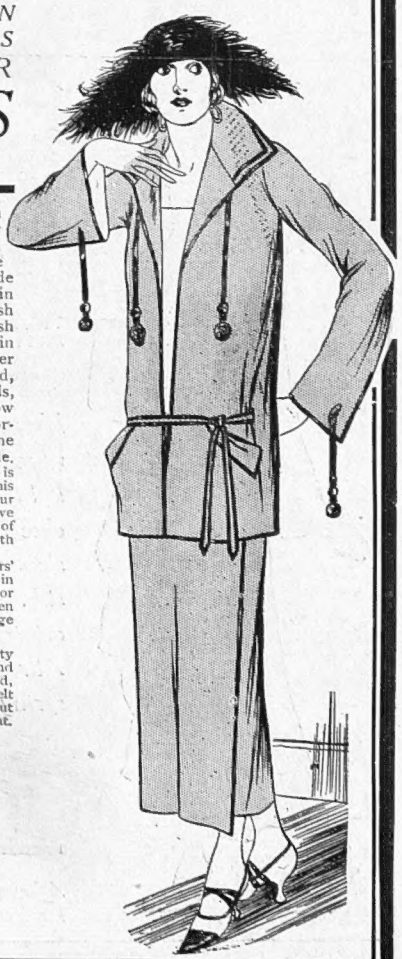
THE COMING FASHION FOR TAILOR MADES READY TO WEAR

SUITS

FROM £5 18 6



Signs are not wanting that the fashion for tailor-made garments of every description is likely to be revived during the coming season. We welcome the advent of this fashion as tailor-made garments are essentially English in character, becoming to the English figure and appropriate for the English climate. The new tailor-mades differ in many respects from those of former years. The hard lines have disappeared, and in place of the stiffer materials, soft, closely woven repps, etc., are now being used. In short, the new tailor-mades are most becoming and at the same time practical and serviceable.

Our stock of ready to wear Tailor Suits is probably the largest and best assorted in this country and these suits, being made in our own workrooms by highly skilled tailors, have an exclusiveness of style and perfection of finish that are not usually associated with ready to wear garments.

We would especially draw our customers' attention to the fact that we always have in stock a good variety of ready to wear Tailor Suits in suitable designs that have been specially made on scientific lines for large and small figures.

ATTRACTIVE TAILOR SUIT in fine quality repp, coat cut with straight hanging back and fronts which can be worn open or closed, becomingly braided and finished with belt and tie of braid and ball ornaments; well-cut wrap skirt bound with braid to match coat. In Navy, Nigger, and Black.

PRICE 8½ Gns.

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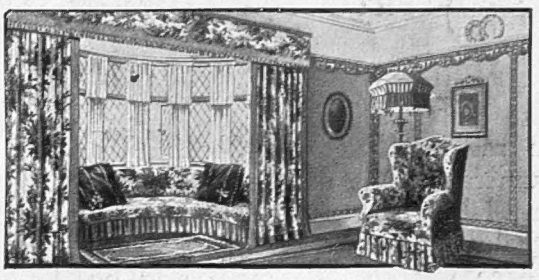
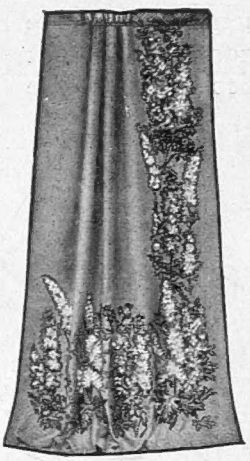
WONDERFUL VALUE
in Cretonnes and Taffetas



THE "DELPHINIUM" CURTAIN.



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THE "DELPHINIUM" CURTAIN Charming Curtain of heavy Bolton Sheeting, with appliqué border one side & foot, 3½ yds. long, 46/9 per pair.

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USEFUL inexpensive Chair covered in blue and silver, or black and gold Damask, as illustration, 49/6.

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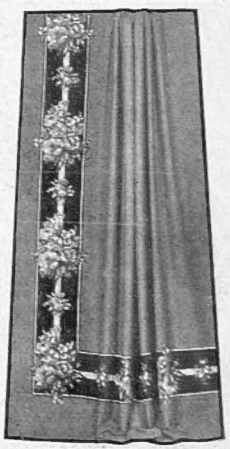

INEXPENSIVE Curtain of Bolton Sheeting in various colours, with decorative border one side and foot, 3½ yds. long. 25/- per pair.

Resist Tropical Sun "Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS Sea Air and Washing

THE original famous fabrics with a world-wide reputation bearing testimonials from India that the colours are equal to new after many years' exposure,

"SUN-VEIN" CASEMENT CLOTH. 33 shades. Creams, from 1/3½ per yd. Colours from 1/11½ per yd.

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ALL fabrics prefixed with the word "Sun" are guaranteed unfadable, any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

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£13 19 6

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In making Excelsior Shoes there are innumerable little details, involving much time and labour, incorporated to combat all the weaknesses of the average good shoe. These unseen differences add but little to the ultimate price, but ensure long wear, lasting shapeliness and comfort from the very first time you put them on. There are no shoes quite so good and smart as Excelsior—the finest ladies' shoes made in Great Britain to-day.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

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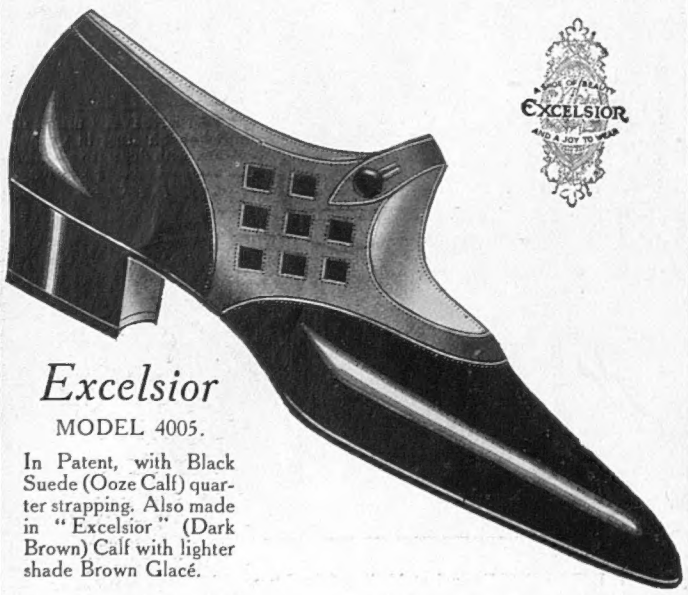
MODEL 2730.
Newest low-heel effect Promenade Turnshoe in Beaver Glacé, with lighter shade inlet. Covered heel. Any colour.



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MODEL 4005.
In Patent, with Black Suede (Ooze Calf) quarter strapping. Also made in "Excelsior" (Dark Brown) Calf with lighter shade Brown Glacé.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

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ATTRACTIVE Nightgown (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, copy of French model, daintily trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace and hemstitching, finished with hand-embroidered spots. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Lemon, Peach, Apple Green.

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Chemise and Knicker to match, **21/9** each.

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Special terms to clubs and schools.

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New artificial silk and wool Frock *(as sketch), knitted in an entirely new fancy check stitch. The panel sides, sleeves, sash, etc., are of artificial silk. This frock has a very original and becoming collar. Attractive range of colours for spring wear.*

PRICE

5 Gns.

A large selection of new Knitted Suits, Dresses, etc. for Spring wear now in stock.

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DISTINCTIVE

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The "YORK"

Is of finest quality Fur Felt Satin lined suitable for Town or Country wear. Made in four widths (medium width illustrated) with proportionate crowns, there is a model to suit every face.

Prices

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Also special weight for the man who prefers a light-weight hat, **30/-.**

Hunting Hats, extra strength, **35/-.**

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By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

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LITTLE GIRLS'

COATS

OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

ATTRACTIVE COAT (as sketch) for little girl in good quality woollen tricotine, with design of fine multi-coloured stripes in art shades on a mastic ground, collar and cuffs in tussore silk.

	PRICE
In size for 2 years ..	£5 9 6
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HAT in soft quality mastic taffeta, trimmed ruching and ribbon rosette. **59/6**

Sent on approval.

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Reasons? First, the shaped serrated bristles that fit your teeth. Second, the big end-tuft that reaches even the backs of the back teeth. Third, the curved handle that lets you get the brush *into* your mouth.

All these points are essential. All are original features of the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic. See, then, that your tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus

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At all Chemists, Stores, etc.: or sent post free, on receipt of price Hard, medium or soft—one quality, one price— **2/6**

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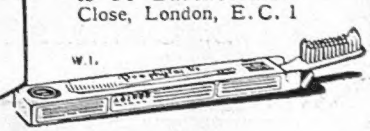

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Typical of "Dunhills" is this very smart, well-cut and tailored Raincoat; made in a light grey West of England Coating, half lined with silk. It can be worn with or without a belt, and may be had in several shades.

Price £7 7 0

This model is wearing a Hat of chic simplicity made in stitched suede. The brim can be adapted to give protection to the face if required.

Price, in suede ... 42/-
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A delightful soft tan Suede Coat, with long rever, which can be turned up if required, and narrow waistbelt. Most suitable for walking or sports wear, being warm and windproof.

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IT is excellence of materials and workmanship which imparts to the WOODROW Hat the air of superiority it undoubtedly possesses.

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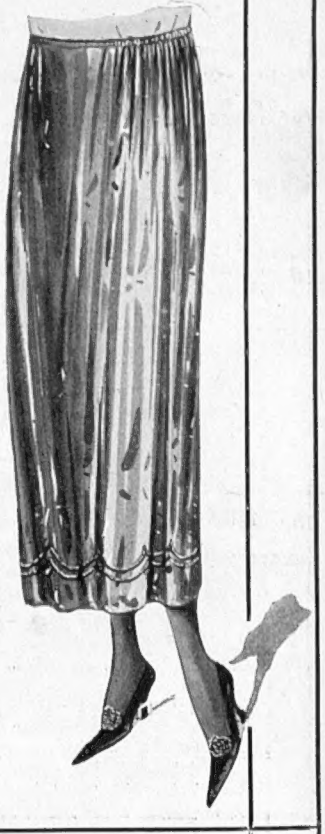
PETTICOAT as sketch made in good quality silk satin, trimmed two rows hemstitching, cut on generous lines for full figures. Colours: Black, White, and all leading colours. Length 32, 35.

PRICE **20/-**



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Sale begins Feb. 18

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Harrods deliver Pianos free in Van radius, or carriage paid to nearest Railway Station in Britain

Piano Saloon Ground Floor

Choose that Piano *now* — this is literally your finest Opportunity. Many of the Instruments in this great Sale have scarcely been used, but all are heavily reduced — Bargains indeed in the truest sense.

BROADWOOD Pianette in Rosewood case. Height 3 ft. 11 ins., width 4 ft. 7 ins., check action, ivory keys Second-hand. PIANO SALE **32 Gns**
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BROADWOOD Baby Grand (*shown on left*) in Rosewood case. Length 5 ft, width 4 ft. 9 ins. compass 7¼ octaves, overstrung scale, fine tone quality. From hire. PIANO SALE **116 Gns**
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BRINSMEAD Short Grand in Rosewood case. Length 6 ft., width 4 ft. 7 ins., overstrung scale. Second-hand. PIANO SALE **98 Gns**
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ALLISON Auto-Piano in Rosewood case. Height 4 ft. 1 in., width 4 ft. 8 ins. compass 7¼ octaves. Full scale pneumatic action, fitted with Triumphodist and other devices giving correct expression. From hire, in good condition. PIANO SALE **75 Gns**
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SMART OVER BLOUSE (as sketch), in good quality crepe de Chine, cut on becoming lines, with finely tucked front and Peter Pan collar, finished with black ribbon bow and two small pockets. In Ivory, Black, Beige, Grey, Tan, Navy, and other fashionable colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

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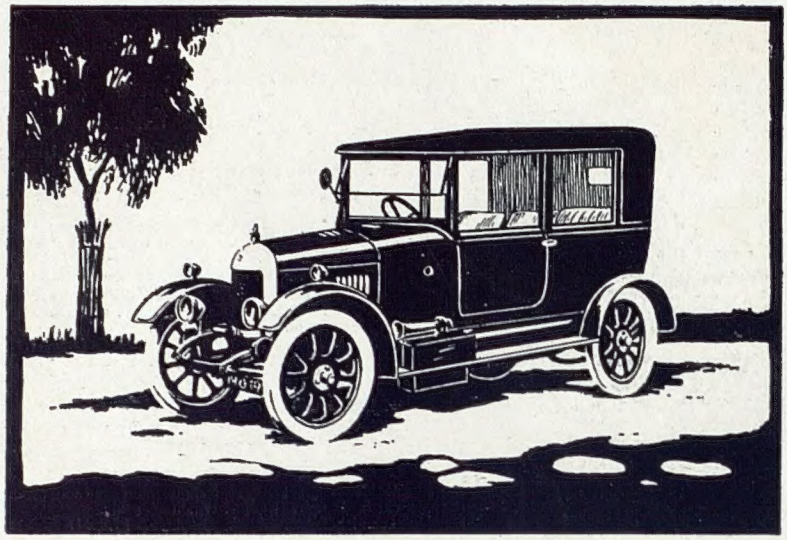

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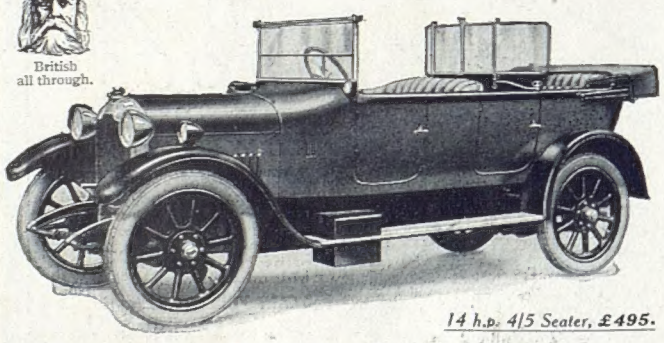

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A & PS—2

The Bystander, February 13, 1924 No. 1054. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Blake Studios*

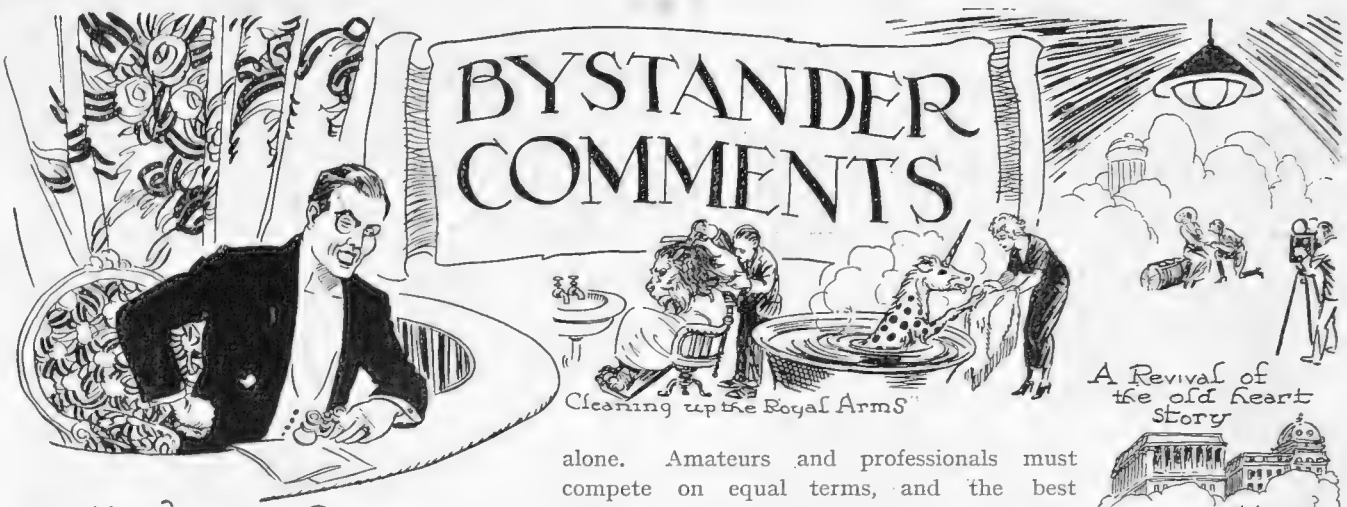
PRINCESS ANDREW OF RUSSIA

The wife of Prince Andrew, the late Czar's nephew. She is well known to many as the charming hostess of the Regent's Park Country Club, which she and her husband have been running so successfully for the past six months

The New Member for the City

SIR THOMAS VANSITTART BOWATER

The new Conservative Member for the City of London, as Kapp sees him



All the World's a Stage

A Descriptive Phrase

THE cleaning up of the Royal Arms is all to the good, even though the unicorn *does* look like "a horse with a barber's pole stuck in its forehead"—to quote Mr. Jack Hulbert's descriptive phrase. The heraldic design is now simple and direct, and the lion looks much more capable of beating its old opponent than it did in the days when the familiar jingle was first written.

A Romantic Revival

THE great success of the Scala Film, *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, which, I am assured, has no connection with Peckham, suggests that we are ready for a revival of the old heart-story, so popular in Victorian days. I can remember reading the novel in the days of my youth, and weeping bitter tears at the hopelessness of it all, and here I am, at it again, drinking deep of the old wine of romance freshly poured from the new bottle of the cinema. Another week or two, and, I suppose, we shall find *East Lynne* at the Lyceum and *The Broken Melody* at His Majesty's:

> Romance was dead, but all unseen,
> Romance rang up at 8.15!

The Great Unpaid

THE Corinthians have retired with flying colours from the English Cup competition, having worthily upheld the honour of the amateur in the world of sport. At the same time, I am entirely with Lord Hawke when he says that it is the obvious duty of every county to pick the best players obtainable, and not to select a man because of his amateur status alone. Amateurs and professionals must compete on equal terms, and the best that we who have the interest of amateur sport at heart can hope is that the supply of "the Great Unpaid" will remain equal to the demand.

A Football Quorum

FOOTBALL enthusiasts who are asking for two referees to supervise each League game are evidently of those who believe in a multiplicity of officials. After all, the referee has two linesmen to assist him on debateable points, and if we had two referees we should require a third to give the casting vote in the event of their disagreement. This would result in endless discussions on the part of the governing body—five to form a quorum—during which the crowd would get entirely out of hand. Play on!

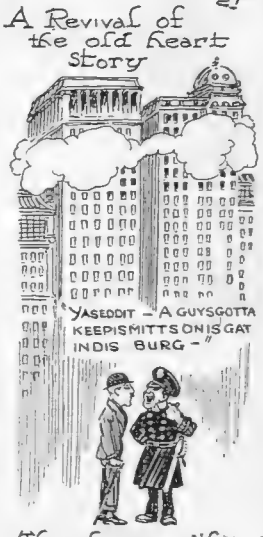
A Children's Theatre

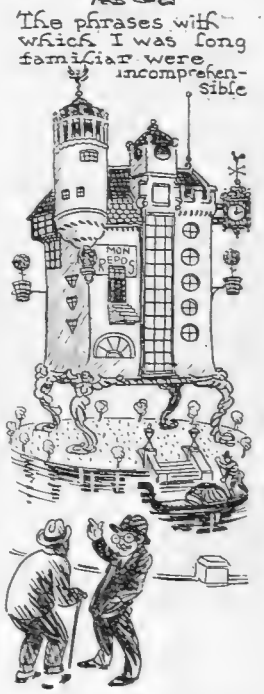
THE establishment of a Children's Theatre at Copenhagen, prompts me to suggest that there is room in London for one permanent playhouse where plays suitable to the needs of young people could be staged. During term-time, this theatre might stage Shakespeare and other classics of an edifying character; in the holidays it could relax to the extent of a melodrama, and at Christmas, the pick of the pantomimes should be found beneath its roof. A weekly visit to such a theatre would be a valuable addition to the curriculum of a modern school. Perhaps Nigel Playfair or Donald Calthrop will give the matter a thought.

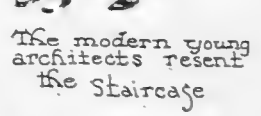
Reading the Riddle

THERE are times when a passage in a book leaps to the eye, not because it expresses a great truth, but because it mirrors the mind

(Continued on page 351)







ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
RUSSIAN ROMANTIC THEATRE BALLET CO. in New Ballet "THE ROBBERESS AND THE DANCER," NEIL KENYON, MURIEL GEORGE & ERNEST BUTCHER, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2643 & 8886). EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
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By Sutton Vane.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
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A New Musical Comedy.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Tuesday and Saturday at 2.15.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
JOSÉ COLLINS in "CATHERINE."
Music by TSCHAIKOWSKY. LONDON'S GREATEST SUCCESS.

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MARGARET BANNERMAN. CONSTANCE COLLIER. MARION TERRY.
ALFRED DRAYTON. REGINALD OWEN. RONALD SQUIRE. STUART SAGE.

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THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
7th New Programme.
STARTED 1921. —— GOING ON FOR EVER.

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A Comedy in 3 Acts by Norman MacOwan
LEON M. LION'S Production.
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ROY BARTON **CABARET** LEO DESLYS
SMARTEST BOHEMIAN PLACE IN TOWN

CLUB DAUNOU, 7, Rue Daunou (Opposite Ciro's)
THE TOMSON TWINS present
THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES (with an all English and American cast).
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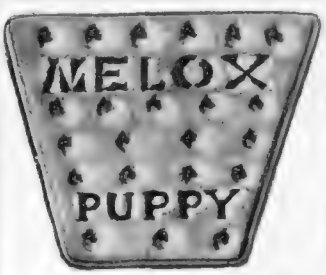

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

of the reader. Turning a page of Hilaire Belloc's latest volume, *The Contrast*, I found him describing his first visit to New York in terms coincident with my own, following a similar experience. "The first phrase of popular speech I heard was incomprehensible because I expected it to be in my own idiom; much the more incomprehensible because it was incomprehensible through a manner and spirit of diction more than through verbal form." I don't say I expressed it quite in that way—I lacked the wit or the cunning to use one expressive word three times in as many lines—but, when I got to America, the phrases with which I had long been familiar were, nevertheless, as incomprehensible to me as they were to Mr. Belloc. And it remained for him to read me the riddle aright.

The Kernel of the Case

THE bright young men who write snappy paragraphs about life in our Police Courts have an irritating habit of omitting the kernel of the case. They tell you what he said and what she said but you never hear what happened in the end—what the Magistrate said. Take the instance of the man who offered a constable a drink. To him came another gentleman, antipathetic to the force, who said that "a man who would stand a policeman a drink was no man at all." This resulted in words and blows, all of which makes excellent reading, but we are never told whether the man who was kind to the "copper" got a month, or a present from the poor-box.

Modern Methods

THAT is the trouble with our bright young men of to-day. They are so concerned with the manner in which they are doing a thing that they forget to do it in the end. If they set out to write a story they are apt to lose themselves among their own mannerisms. They give us plotless plays, and when they design dwellings you have to remind them that the tenant will require a staircase to get him to the bedrooms. They resent the staircase, do the modern young men, and if you suggest that a castle in the air and a maisonette in Mayfair are two different things, they cast on you a look of pity not unmingled with contempt.

An Impossible Virtue

MANY people, particularly the victims of the innovation, remember Basil Dean—Drury Lane's new dictator—as the man who fought a gallant fight against late arrivals at the theatre. All honour to him for that, even though the innocent *did* have to suffer with the guilty. The traffic problems of to-day have made punctuality an almost impossible virtue, but the man who tried to give authors and artists a decent hearing deserves something better than hard words. Here's hoping he will find it easier to get people into Drury Lane than he has found it to keep them out after the curtain has risen at St. Martin's.

A Man so Various—

STACEY AUMONIER, who is often spoken of as our best writer of short stories, is one of those versatile souls who has done most everything in his time from acting to painting landscapes for the Academy. It is, therefore, rather intriguing to find him opening his latest story in this fashion: "Talent is an elusive quantity. It never does to despair concerning the lack of it. Some people will dig and dig and dig and find nothing, and then, suddenly—perhaps when they are reaching middle-age—they will discover that they can do something as well as, if not better than, anyone else."

A Select Little Band

THE gentleman who penned this bit of autobiography wasn't content with discovering that he could do something as well as anyone else. He discovered that he could do something better, and, after a comparatively late start, he finds himself in that select little band of short-story-tellers which numbers in its ranks Rudyard Kipling, Perceval Gibbon, Leonard Merrick, Somerset Maugham (I include him because he wrote *Rain*), and perhaps one other, whose name I have, most tactfully, forgotten. By the way, Stacey Aumonier has two other claims to fame. He is married to Gertrude Peppercorn, the brilliant pianiste, and he is the champion dumb charader of his particular district. Give him a shawl and an old hat and he will play for hours.

Fifteen Minutes with Merrick

FOR fifteen minutes, the other evening, the Bournmouth Broadcasting people sent out a wireless chat on Leonard Merrick and his work. I don't know if any other British author has been similarly honoured, but no one is more deserving of the distinction. This delightful author is so super-sensitive on the subject of publicity, that the one ray shining through broadcast skies would be the fact that a wireless appreciation cannot, at present, be accompanied by a photograph. Nevertheless, that time will come.

Echo Whispers—

DEVELOPMENTS in the world of wireless proceed apace, and the new London studio of the B.B.C. was nearing completion when I looked in the other afternoon. It is a really handsome apartment, calculated to calm the nerves of the most temperamental artist, and the acoustics are quite wonderful—just a trace of the echo having been allowed to remain, instead of being entirely eliminated as in the case of the original studio.

THE APÉRITIF! By Blam

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *British Illus.*

AT THE WARWICK 'CHASES

Mrs. Smith-Ryland and Lady Ebrington strolling paddockwards at the Warwick Meeting, which was well attended by both spectators and competitors

Photograph] **A "SELECT" ASSEMBLY** *[Topical*

Mrs. Norrie (left), Mrs. Thompson, Miss Stephen, Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Harman hold a little card party at the Sandown Park Steeplechases, in the hope that their selections will turn up trumps

"No Change"

PARLIAMENT assembles to-day. The Labour Government has been in office for one whole month since the Conservatives departed, and yet Society has not been rent into a thousand pieces.

Folk are dining and dancing just as usual, Mr. MacDonald has removed his furniture to the historic Number 10, Downing Street. His daughters have been photographed peering into kitchen cupboards and sitting over a very modern fireplace in that august residence. Mr. MacDonald and one of his daughters have also been photographed amongst the china, the *bibelots* and the books at Chequers. One photograph showed father and daughter taking what used to be called "an intelligent interest" in a sundial. And Mr. MacDonald was in plus fours, and on a Sunday!

But it all shows that the world is going on just as usual.

Mrs. Asquith has had the Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Philip Snowden to dinner, and three Labour Peers have been created. So there you are! Alarums and excursions when the Labour Government came in—peers' robes and coronets to be thrown on to the scrap heap, the break-up of the British Constitution, with Duchesses, Countesses dowager and the wives of the latest profiteers hiding their jewels in ancestral coal-holes or in the sands of the Channel Islands—all the wild and wonderful stories that ran about the town have fizzled out to what?

Bless your hearts, nothing at all! Mr. MacDonald, the Prime Minister, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, have made public confession of their devotion to the Throne, three Labour peerages have been created and three Labour Members of Parliament, who each started life in the humblest surroundings, have been appointed, respectively, Treasurer, Comptroller and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

A week or so ago I told you that the Court was the greatest levelling-up influence we have in the country. Well, we shall see what we shall see, but for my part I'm convinced that what we shall *not* see will be the Bolshevik horrors predicted by shivering old dames in Belgravia and club ancients.

Photograph *British Illus.*

BETWEEN THE RACES

Prince Henry seriously weighing up the chances of his next selection at the Warwick races. The favourites proved by no means invincible at this meeting, going down in several events

The Labour Peerages

"LABOUR Peers" sounds a contradiction in terms when one thinks of all that the Labour Party has said about the House of Lords in the past. But here we have the conferring of three Labour peerages even before the Labour Parliament has met.

Doesn't this prove what I have said to you on several accasions about the influence of our age-old institutions. You can rail against them as much as you choose—and the law allows you to stand on a tub anywhere you like to do your railing—but directly the Labour-cum-Socialist Party comes into office it ceases to rail and immediately follows the old lines.

These three Labour peerages are practically only life peerages. The War Minister, Major-General Thomson, and the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Arnold, are both bachelors. Sir Sydney Olivier, Secretary of State for India, is married, and is a brother-in-law of Mr. Harold Cox, but he has no son, only four daughters.

Constitutional custom requires the presence of at least two Secretaries of State in the House of Lords. This is the reason why these Labour peerages have been created, so, good my gentles, you see for yourselves that the Labour Party recognises "constitutional custom." And that

means a good deal, for everybody thought it was going to do exactly the opposite.

The Athenæum Club

THE wheel of Time whirring and whirring round has at last touched that most conservative and august of all clubs, the Athenæum, whose atmosphere is so solemn and awe-inspiring that, as someone once said, "the members even think under their breath."

On Thursday the Athenæum attains its hundredth birthday, and is going to celebrate the event by a dinner and a reception. And, marvel of marvels! Ladies are to be invited to the reception.

Photographs *Topical*

Mrs. C. Kerr and "Tangle," winner of the Cheddington Stakes

Miss G. Wilkin and "Marsworth Recruit," winner of the Whaddon Stakes

Three of the Winners at the Aylesbury and District Coursing Club Meeting, recently held at Mentmore. The fair sex pulled off three out of the four stakes

Mrs. H. Burl and "Hubble Bubble II," winner of the Mentmore Stakes

This will be the first time women have been allowed to enter these almost sacred precincts. Even until comparatively lately, members could only see their men-friends on the door-mat. And whilst you were waiting to see a member you were eyed as a possible and probable "pincher" of the Athenæum plate.

Ladies in the Athenæum Club! Time, indeed, does bring its revenges.

The Bishop and and the Beefsteak

THERE is a story of a shock which the Athenæum once received from a Bishop. He was a new Bishop and a new member of the club. Lunching there for the first time he ordered a beefsteak, "not too much cooked." He heard the waiter say, "One beefsteak—bloody," so concluded this was the correct Athenæum expression for underdone beefsteak.

The next time he lunched at the club he again ordered a beefsteak, but in his anxiety to be correct the Bishop put the last word in the wrong place! It took months for the staff to recover.

A Book of Scandals

THERE'S a great deal of chatter and conjecture about the authorship of the most scandalous book of reminiscences which has been published since Lady Cardigan startled the world with her inventions and lapses of memory. The writer of this book, *Uncensored Recollections* (Nash and Grayson), has not had the courage to put his name upon the title-page. It certainly would require a great deal of courage to father the authorship of these repeated vilifications of the dead.

Some of the stories are true, others are absolutely false, especially two told of Queen Victoria. The impression given is that the writer was at one time in the entourage of the late King Edward. If that is so, one can make a shrewd guess as to his identity.

Recollections of this kind are invariably written by people who have lost their place in Society, and want to "get a bit of their own back." Take Lady Cardigan's book, for example, and the flood of reminiscences we have had from *déclassée* Royal ladies. The writer of this book has been extremely careful to throw mud only upon the dead. Perhaps it is because he

Photograph] COURSING IN HAMPSHIRE *[Sport and General*

Spectators at a meet of the Alresford Coursing Club at Manor Farm, Micheldever. Mrs. Hatchwell (left), Mr. D. Hatchwell, Miss N. Hatchwell and Mr. J. S. Meyer, with a distinguished lady named "Twisting Trixie" who is wearing the latest wrap-coat from the Rue de la Paix—or is it Shoreditch?

Photograph *Vandyk*

UNDER CAMERA FIRE

After the marriage of Mr. Edgar J. Kingston McCloughry, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Miss Freda Lewis, daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Lewis, at King's Weigh House Church. Sir Alfred is General Manager of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England. The bridegroom, who was a graduate of Cambridge, was in the R.A.F., and served during the War with distinction in Gallipoli and France. Our picture shows (left) Miss Margaret Lewis, the bridegroom and bride, Miss Ruth Lewis, and Mr. John Lewis

Photograph [*G. P. U.*

A POPULAR PAIR

Mr. Rudolph de Trafford, the second son of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, and his bride, June, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Reginald Chaplin, snapped outside St. James's Church, Spanish Place, after their wedding

is no longer on intimate terms with his social equals, and therefore knows nothing of what is happening amongst the children and grandchildren of those whom he has slandered.

Life Policies at Auction

WHAT odd things people buy and sell! I see that a peer's life policies are to be sold by auction next week. They are worth some £320,000, bonuses having added £50,000 to the original amount of £270,000. Nearly £9,000 a year has to be paid upon these policies.

Most owners of estates insure their lives nowadays to help their successor to meet the death duties, but in many cases the annual payments on the insurance are becoming too heavy a drain, hence the reason for an increased number of such policies coming into the market. They must be a good investment, otherwise there would be no sale for them.

Three Generations

IT is not often that three generations go through the Bankruptcy Court. But the notice that Lord Loughborough has filed his petition reminds me that his grandmother, Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, and his father, the Earl of Rosslyn, both have gone through the same experience.

A Boon for Professional Women

PUBLIC dinners are not much in the way of your Bystander, and I have to confess that the dinner given last week by the Women's Pioneer Housing Society was the first one I have attended entirely run by women. And it was charmingly done. Likewise in the wit, brevity, and point of the speeches, an example to the male organisers of public dinners.

We were all bidden to hear about the work that has been done by this society,—which was formed as a Public Utility Society under the Housing Town Planning Act—in providing abodes for professional women. Nine big houses have been taken in London and converted into flats at rents ranging from £30 to £100 a year. Fifty professional women are already settled in these houses, and so great is the demand that the Society wants to convert more houses if it can get the necessary capital. Six per cent. is paid on the capital so there should be no difficulty in getting it. No class of women is hit so badly in these days as the professional woman of moderate income. If you want to hear anything more of what the Women's Pioneer Housing, Limited, is doing, write to the Secretary at 92, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

"The Almanach de Gotha"

THE story that we are to have the *Almanach de Gotha* no more—given with all the definiteness which a section of our modern Press attaches to *canards* and rumours—is untrue! For a hundred and sixty-one years it has recorded the births, deaths and marriages of all the Royal and princely families in Europe, with their ramifications, and has been a reference book of almost meticulous perfection. The second part, the *Annuaire Diplomatique et Statistique*, gave the

Photograph *Sport and General*

WITH THE GARTH AT BRAMSHILL

A group taken at Bramshill Park, the residence of Captain and Mrs. Denzil Cope, before a recent meet of the Garth. In the photograph are the Baroness Dorchester, Mrs. Denzil Cope, Mr. Tudway, and Major-General Leir-Carleton, Lady Dorchester's husband

members of the Governments of all the principal countries in the world, and the ambassadors accredited from every country to their capitals, the members of Royal households, and, in the case of Great Britain, all the Governors of our Colonies.

In the preface to the 1914 edition, written at Gotha in November, 1913, the editor said the *Almanach* had rarely been faced by such difficulties, owing to the situations which had suddenly arisen in various countries as it was going to press. He mentioned particularly the assumption of the Royal title by the late King of Bavaria and the Duke of Cumberland's son becoming Duke of Brunswick. By the next November, the ex-Kaiser had already for three months been digging the grave of all that the *Almanach* stood for in the old days.

Photograph FIVE UP AT THE TURN OUT [*L. N. A.*

Five followers of the Whaddon Chase at the meet held at Hurdles Drove, near Creslow. It will be observed that the side-saddle has once more returned to favour. The group shows: Clare, Countess of Cowley (left), Mrs. A. T. Holland, Lady Diana Somerset, Lady St. Germans, and Captain M. J. Kingscote

Photograph *Sport and General*

BEFORE THE RUN

The Countess of Derby and Mr. Reginald Winn enjoying a quiet chat at a recent meet of the Whaddon Chase by kind permission of their respective mounts

Winter Sports in Austria

I HEAR from friends in Austria that the winter sports there have been exceptionally good this year. There seems to be endless places to go to, beginning at Vorarlberg and going right to the slopes of the Alps. A good many English people have been staying at such places as Kitzbühel, St. Anton, Oetz, Steinach and Gastein—the last used to be a popular "cure" before the War. No small attraction to the Austrian Alps is the cost of living. I am told that you can stay in a first-class hotel in one of these "sports" centres for ten shillings a day (140,000 kronen), and in smaller hotels for as little as four shillings (60,000 kronen) a day.

A Fascisti Gathering

MANY interesting people will be dancing at the Hotel Cecil to-night (Wednesday) at the Fascisti Ball in aid of the various Benevolent Societies of the Italian Colony in London. The Annual Black Shirt Gala Night, as it is called, is under the patronage of the Italian Ambassador, Marquess Della Torretta and his lady, and doubtless many of the prominent people interested in the British Fascisti Movement (I am told there are quite a number) will be there. Fascismo itself will be represented in force, and it should be a picturesque affair, as black shirts will be *de rigueur*. A few tickets are still available, I believe, at an inclusive charge of 25*s*.

Photograph *Sport and General*

CONTRASTS WITH THE WHADDON

Lord Wimborne "en grand tenue de chasse" and Mrs. James de Rothschild in something woolly and tweedy that goes with a car. A pleasing reminder this, that two forms of locomotion have a place in the scheme of hunting things

Photograph FAMILY SEATS [*Walter Ball*

A family group taken in the Manor Park at Tur Langton, Leicestershire, the seat of Mr. William T. Hayr, a prominent figure in the Fernie country. The group shows: Mr. William T. Hayr (left), Mr. Gordon Hayr, the Misses Gwendolen and Dorothy Hayr and Mrs. Hayr

The Riviera Week by Week

THE latest arrivals at Cannes include the Countess of Gosford, who came from Switzerland; Princess Pless, who owns much property in the district and is staying at the Gonnet; Lady Wormald and Miss Wormald, Lady Kavanagh and her daughter, both tennis enthusiasts; Mrs. Margaret Pedler, the well-known novelist, who has brought some unfinished manuscripts, but says she doesn't feel like work in so charming a spot; Sir Edward Stockton, a director of Lloyds Bank, the L.M.S. Railway, and many other important concerns, who is staying at the Metropole for a month with Lady Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Govett, Mrs. Alan Stoneham, from Le Touquet; Lord and Lady Glanely, from Cardiff; the Hon. Denys and Mrs. Scott, Colonel and Mrs. Ironside Bax, Miss G. Champion de Crespigny, Mary Lady Roberts, Mr. D. E. Langhorne, a cousin of Lady Astor, and Mrs. Langhorne, prominent members of Washington society; and Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, who have taken the Villa St. Patrick for the season.

Photograph *P. and A.*

FOLLOWING FATHER

The four-year-old Earl of Rocksavage, Lord Cholmondeley's son, involved in a question of "seating capacity" on the Cannes Polo Ground. It is interesting to note that stirrups are evidently being worn longer this year

THE tennis tournament at the Gallia Club ended up with one of the most exciting matches Cannes has yet seen, and the struggle between Suzanne Lenglen and Colonel Mayes against Miss Ryan and Aeschlimann, running to 15—13 in the deciding set, will be long remembered. No doubt it was her very narrow escape from defeat which made the champion so "nervy" after lunch, and accounted for that very undignified quarrel with the English referee, which so distressed her many admirers. The competition for the Veterans' Cup, presented by Dr. Warden, and confined to gentlemen of over fifty, provided some of the best sport of recent days and attracted a large and fashionable gallery. Colonel St. John Killery—"British Army Tennis Ace," as a Californian newspaper called him once—was well in the running until he strained a leg, and Major-General Sir George Stanistreet put up an excellent fight for the trophy, but was beaten by the steady play of Captain Holt. There is a wicked rumour that Dr. Warden will offer a Veterans' Cup for ladies, the handicaps, as in the case of gentlemen, to be based on age, but this lacks confirmation!

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AT "LE POLO"

Mr. Lehman, a well-known figure on the Riviera polo grounds, with Mrs. Lions at Cannes

EX-KING MANOEL and Queen Augusta Victoria were due to arrive at the Grand Hotel on the 8th, in time for the battle of flowers, and would have been here much earlier but for the eye trouble from which the Queen has been suffering. They will enter for the next tennis tournaments, and hope to get in a little practice before the King of Sweden arrives. By that time there will be little hotel accommodation available for late-comers, in spite of the absence of many members of Parliament and others who have been detained in England by the political situation.

NICE is having its international tennis tournament at the Parc Imperial, and all the champions are taking part. In the evenings there is no lack of indoor amusement, and the sumptuous galas arranged at the leading hotels are increasing in splendour and success. One of the best so far was, undoubtedly, the Roman Banquet at the Ruhl, with an extraordinary mixture of pro-consuls, slaves, Roman gladiators and vestals filling the restaurant to the very doors. It was a great effort on the part of M. Tissier, who devised the entertainment, and so many visitors were disappointed at not being able to secure admission that the decorations were left up and a repeat performance was given shortly after. At the Majestic a gala suggestive of the nether regions was devilish popular, as one of the guests remarked, and many novel galas are announced for the near future, reaching their climax during the reign of King Carnival, who makes his formal and riotous entry into the city on the 21st of this month. Enormous decorative arches are already being built up, and the illuminations promise to beat anything yet seen in this land of carnivals.

D. W. T.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

HAIL, SMILING MORN!

Mrs. Wrenn, Miss Dorothy Wrenn, and Mrs. Hart duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion at the Menton regatta

Those Valentine Days

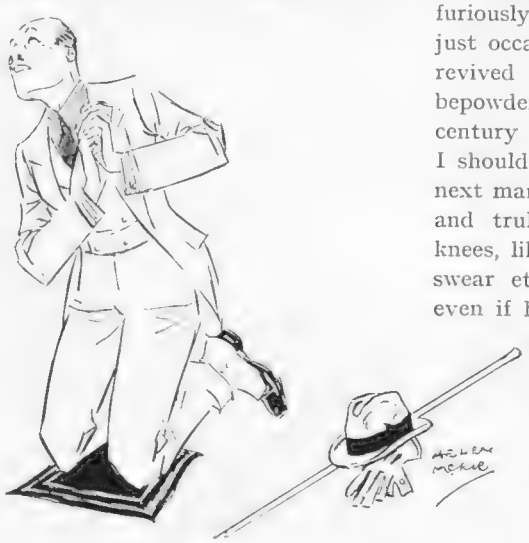
By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 11

DEAR COUSIN—

VERY ancient and honourable ceremony, I believe, due this week; St. Valentine's Day, to wit. And to be celebrated, if I mistake not, this very Thursday as ever is—that is if anyone ever *does* pay heed or tribute to the occasion nowadays, which, alas, I very gravely and seriously doubt. But what a pit., methinks!

AM all in favour meself of keeping up these antique and venerable customs—spite of, or p'raps more especially 'cos of, there being a Labour Gov'ment ruling all our comings and goings these days. I mean, now if ever and above all things it is the time, isn't it, to stand up for the ways and manners and traditions of our forefathers, and see they aren't swept away in the seething surge of Socialistic alterations and repairs of our Constitution, so to speak, what?

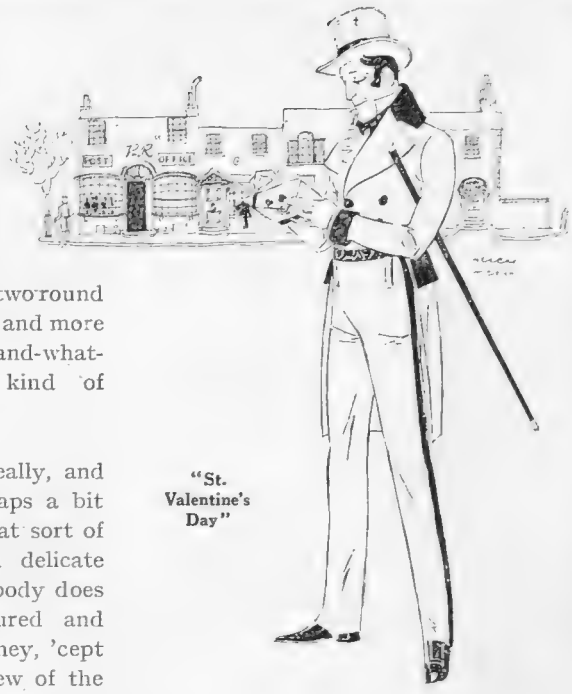


"Falling on his knees"

AND 'ticularly such an extra specially *human* one as this aforesaid anniversary of St. Valentine. Whereon, if the ancient archives do not deceive me, it was not so very long ago (as historians and other century-mongers reckon it) a 'stablished and immemorial habit for lovely cards to be 'stributed from one of us to another (only taking good care that they be of opposite sexes) expressing unalterable devotion and affection and all that sort of thing. Only not in the least in the usual Platonic Christmas-cardy sense of the word, mark you, dear cousin. No gen'ral peace and goodwill sort of idea, with holly and a robin or two round the edges, but a quite pers'nal and more or less definite I-love-you-and-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it kind of affair.

RATHER crude, I s'pose, really, and I 'spect we've got perhaps a bit *blasé*, not to say afraid, of that sort of thing these more timid and delicate and allusive days. When nobody does anything in the time-honoured and furiously romantic style, do they, 'cept just occasionally in a very few of the revived plays, or the bewigged and bepowdered seventeenth and eighteenth century costume films. But, oh, how I should love it, shouldn't you, if the next man that—oh, well, if he'd really and truly actually go down on his knees, like they 'parently used to, and swear eternal devotion and whatnot, even if he pulled up his trousers first and put a hankie down so as to prevent any of the fluff from the carpet sticking to him after the *beau geste* was done.

AFTER all it *is* the tiny little things that matter most, with all of us, in this tiny little life. Even with, traditionally, that so much stronger or superior and occasionally even roughish (but on the whole rather nice and amusing and necess'ry) portion of the community called Man. Quite a lot of excitement among some of 'em, f'rinstance, just lately, there's been—and the ones that are alleged to be governing us too, of all people—'bout . . . what *do* you think? The sorts of suits they ought to wear at Court functions and things, and whether they should have long breeches or short ones, and if so, whether it's to be cloth or satin, or black or blue. . . . Matter of most important principle, is not it?



"St. Valentine's Day"

"Thousands of men who fought for us"

'CORDING to some one in *Havoc*, by the way, the new War play that's seemingly making quite a very big success at the Haymarket, "A woman who sacrifices herself for a principle spends the rest of her life waiting for the applause that never comes." Which reminds me, nice little lot of philosophy for women, as you might say, in some of the newest plays of the moment, spite of such a fearful lot of 'em being farces. Angels, f'rinstance, says charming Madge Titheradge quite immorally in Somerset Maugham's *The Camel's Back* at the Playhouse, make the best husbands, but devils make the best wives. And also adds, quite cynical like, that if a woman has a certain amount of money of her own she can always tell her husband to go to H. . . . And says the word right out too.

THEY *are* getting frank on the stage these days—especially when Mr. Maugham happens to have written the play. You remember that scene that shocked even some of the most hardened critics in *Our Betters*. . .

But then Margaret Bannerman and Madge Titheradge are both so sweet, I really do b'lieve *they* could say almost anything 'thout anyone ever getting cross or asking for the seats to be cheaper, as they did at one, anyway, of the theatres the other night.

ALL p'raps a shade too brilliantly Oscar Wilde-ish, to be quite true, especially when Somerset Maughen tells us how temptations are always more troublesome when you resist 'em—which is simply straight right away out of the works of the above eminent author. But anyway must say I *do* rather prefer it all to the ancient and moss-covered plot of plays like *The Eternal Spring* at the Royalty, where Dennis Eadie, as an elderly archæologist or something, marries his pretty young typist 'cos people are talking about them, and they live together for years and years 'fore they suddenly find out that each of 'em's loved the other passionately — well, no, not exactly that, but 'cording to all the best and most respectfully distant traditions of the theatre, all the time!

OR that equally nice affair of Clemence Dane's, *The Way Things Happen*, at the Ambassadors, where a blameless young woman, to save her worthless lover from exposure and r-ruin, "goes to a man's rooms" as the price of his not being denounced. How it reminded one of that d'lightful Barrie play, *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, that's on, too, at the Comedy. *Alice* —with charming Marie Tempest in it—is such a screamingly lovely parody of all that hopelessly artificial, and, 'tween you and me, rather *stuffy* last-generation drammer, that our progenitors and people seem to have lapped up so patiently and politely.

"Russia's breaking up again"

I WONDER whether it was the War or what that woke us up from those dear old dead sentimentalisms—'mong which 'fraid we must reluctantly 'clude the Valentines of fragrant lavender memory. Anyway, seem to be such a lot of real things happening nowadays, you simply don't seem to be able to bring yourself to worry very deeply about the other kind. Though cert'nly some one was proposing the other day, come to think of it, to put up a £2,000 memorial or something to the goldfish, etcet., that lost their lives during the War.

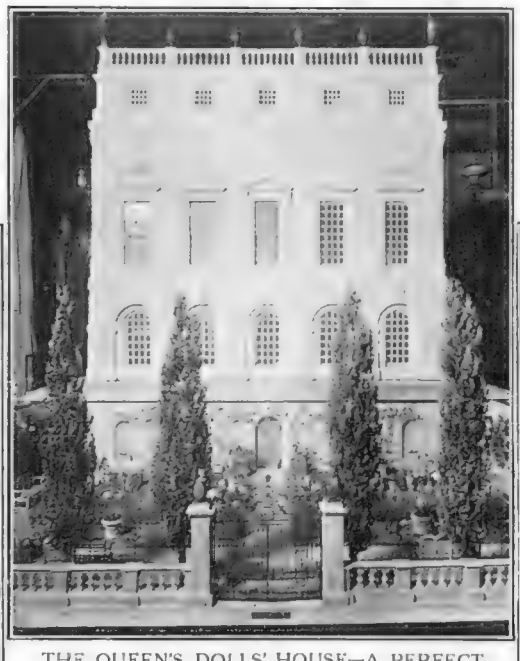
A BEAUTIFUL thought, what? But somehow 'pears to lose quite a good deal of its point when you remember that there are still thousands and thousands of men who fought for us even harder than the goldfish, still not altogether provided for—thousands in the hospitals, many of them, alas, for ever, and thousands more out of work. . . .

REAL and rather serious things happening, too, 'parently, in Russia, where they say there's almost bound to be a general sort of break up quite soon. And the first Labour peers just been created, and Labour men 'pointed to the Royal Household, and the most amazingly shocking *Recollections* yet just been written by one of those anon. authors who fairly puts even Lady Cardigan in the shade.

AND though I do so wish the opera wasn't ending at Covent Garden this week, still there's a Gilbert and Sullivan season just started again to make up for some of it. And simply shoals of monarchs coming to visit us here in a month or two, so there's *some* season ahead, I don't mind telling you.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE



THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE—A PERFECT PALACE IN MINIATURE

THREE photographs of the Queen's Dolls' House, a masterpiece in miniature, which was recently shown to the Press at Sir Edwin Lutyen's House. It is now being dismantled and is to be set up at the Wembley Empire Exhibition. The House, to which the finest craftsmen of the kingdom have given of their best, has been lent to Wembley by Her Majesty the Queen, who will choose the charities that are to benefit by its exhibition

Photographs

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM—TWENTY-TWO INCHES FROM FLOOR TO CEILING

Topical

THE DINING-ROOM—COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL

Catch-as-Catch-Can

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some ridiculous mistakes one is apt to make in the hurry to catch the morning train

Under the Reandean Banner

Photograph *Sasha*

MISS HILDA BAYLEY

Who appears in "The Way Things Happen," the new three-act play by Clemence Dane, which was produced at the Ambassadors Theatre on Saturday, February 2nd

HAVOC

AT THE HAYMARKET

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced January 16th

WHAT many brave, and, otherwise, terribly sane men have done, and will do again, for the sake of a worthless jade, is amply recorded among the purple patches of the world's past history, which may be confidently relied upon to repeat itself in the glorious future. This play is about two soldier-men, sworn friends, who were caught in the toils of a woman of the kind known to patrons of the Cinema theatres as a "Vampire." Violet Derring is a vain and heartless young creature, whose sole ambition in life would appear to be the knowledge that her hat is on straight. She is, besides, a beautiful woman who understands how to pose before men with the inviting sinuosity of the desirable animal. She is copiously photographed in the illustrated papers, who even send representatives to her to enquire as to the secret of her "charm." She is an alluring creature, who would fetch a high price in the Slave Market, and it is not perhaps surprising that two good soldier-men, mentally warped by the mildew of wartime, should have temporarily forgotten their experiences of poison gas, and have fallen victims to her soulful whisperings.

LESLIE FABER AS RODDY DUNTON

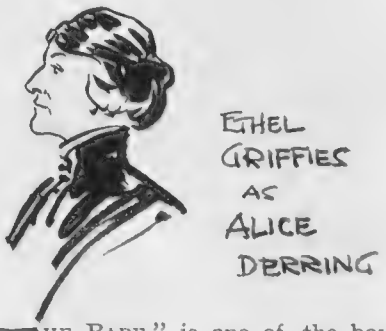
THIS is unmistakably a War play. War supplies the necessary background for this outburst of the primitive emotions. Little scenes of "Somewhere in France" are shown to us with an exactitude that is marvellous in its detail. The author and his company have presumably all been good soldiers and they are living again on the stage the experiences that were theirs in the Great Push of 1918. The mild-mannered parson who once wished that navvies would make their conversation a little more anæmic, would probably find further matter for appeal in the robust language of the trench and the line, faithfully reproduced here with a freedom that seems to delight all but the most sensitive of the audience. We have it on playful record that our troops swore terribly in Flanders in the days when Marlborough went to war, and their later comrades in France seem to have been very efficient runners-up.

WE begin with Violet Derring at her London flat, which is decorated fantastically to express the personality of so vain and selfish a butterfly. She has just become engaged to Captain Roddy Dunton, who has gone back to his job "out there." Then Lieutenant Dick Chappell, home for a brief spell of leave, calls upon her. There was a time when Dick himself was desperately in love with Violet—if love can be permitted a look-in where obviously passion reigned supreme. But now that Violet belongs to Roddy, Dick is quite ready to forget his infatuation, and to play the game. We expect no less of him than that; and we should have had the goods duly delivered if Violet had not deliberately set herself to rekindle the old flame. The man for her is the man on the spot. As the French say, the absent are always in the wrong. She flings herself down on sofa cushions in seductive attitudes, and then gets up and paws Dick about, as a clear hint that she regards him as her man. Dick pleads that she will forget his unwise love in the past; but the joy of manifesting her power over susceptible men makes her relentless, and after a sturdy fight for the dear sakes of friendship and honour, he falls. He grips Violet in a really lovely embrace that must

FRANCES CARSON AND HENRY KENDALL

send a thrill of delight to the feminine section of the audience, and cries to her helplessly that he loves her still. It is a pity he did not have some old friend from the smoking-room around to tell him just what is the matter with him.

FROM this point it becomes clear that the truth, or as much of it as can be identified, must be told to Roddie. On his return to France, Dick meets Roddie in an Army Hut on the front line, and gradually and delicately breaks the fatal news, the *apogée* of which is reached when Dick hands Roddie Violet's engagement-ring. Roddie's anger is not that of the man who recognises that the girl he loves no longer cares for him. It is the terrible wrath of primeval brute on discovering that his female has been stolen from him. Dick had been Roddie's friend; but that friendship is now turned to hatred, and more. The hatred expresses itself logically enough in the immediate desire to kill, as it was in the old time before us. Roddie's first impulse is to snatch his revolver from its holster; but the weapon proves to be unloaded. There are, however, other ways of killing in wartime, when the fierceness of hatred demands no less than that. Roddie is the superior officer, and he sends Dick out to what appears certain death. This is, of course, one of the things that are "not done" as between Englishmen; but in a polite melodrama of this kind, all things may be forgiven for the sake of the dramatic excitement afforded.



CURIOUSLY enough, the climax of the play becomes suddenly diluted by the development of a hitherto minor part which swamps all other interests completely. There is a young subaltern called "The Babe," who begins by being just the ordinary, irresponsible boy, whose chief interests in life are apparently gramophone records and popular actresses. But it was an axiom about that time that the War was being won by Second Lieutenants, and the Babe arises and shakes himself out accordingly. He is represented by Mr. Richard Bird, who would seem by his name to have successfully defied theatrical tradition. I should think Mr. Bird could start business on a Friday or chase a black cat from the stage with perfect impunity.

"THE BABE" is one of the boys sent to death by Roddie. He escapes his fate by the simple process of showing a clean pair of heels to the enemy; and his story of the attack by the German bayonets is extraordinarily vivid and impressive. Then "The Babe" learns by accident that Roddie purposely withheld the order to retreat, and he at once becomes Roddie's terrible and deadly accuser. He is carried on the stage suffering at first from shell-shock, with his uniform in rags, and the mud and grime of the battlefield upon him, and for a while he cannot even find his voice. But at length speech comes to him, and he works his ghastly accusation up to a frenzied pitch of fury, till, but for mercifully restraining hands, he would have struck his superior officer in the face.

I DO not remember to have seen such powerful acting in a young man before. The part, it is true, is finely written, but it is superbly interpreted, and it is certain that we shall hear of Mr. Richard Bird again. The acting of the company as a whole is on a very high level. Miss Frances Carson makes the callous Violet a suitably fascinating girl, and Mr. Henry Kendall is manly and convincing as the misguided Dick Chappell. It is understood that the production of this play about the War, is proof that the playgoing public no longer have a prejudice against such a theme; but speaking for myself personally, I am bound to say that I found it a little painful in parts. Perhaps the younger generation that has grown to adolescence since the dark days of 1918, may regard the play as an interesting bit of pleasurably vigorous ancient history. Certain it is that *Havoc* is a most remarkable piece of virile writing, acted with sturdy perfection. JINGLE

The Russian Romantic Theatre in Varying Moods

SPANISH DANCING À LA RUSSE

Elsa Kruger (centre) and chorus in Bizet's Andalusiana Ballet. The Russian Romantic Theatre players made their first appearance in this country at the Coliseum last week

Photographs

A "HOLD UP" ACCORDING TO BALLET

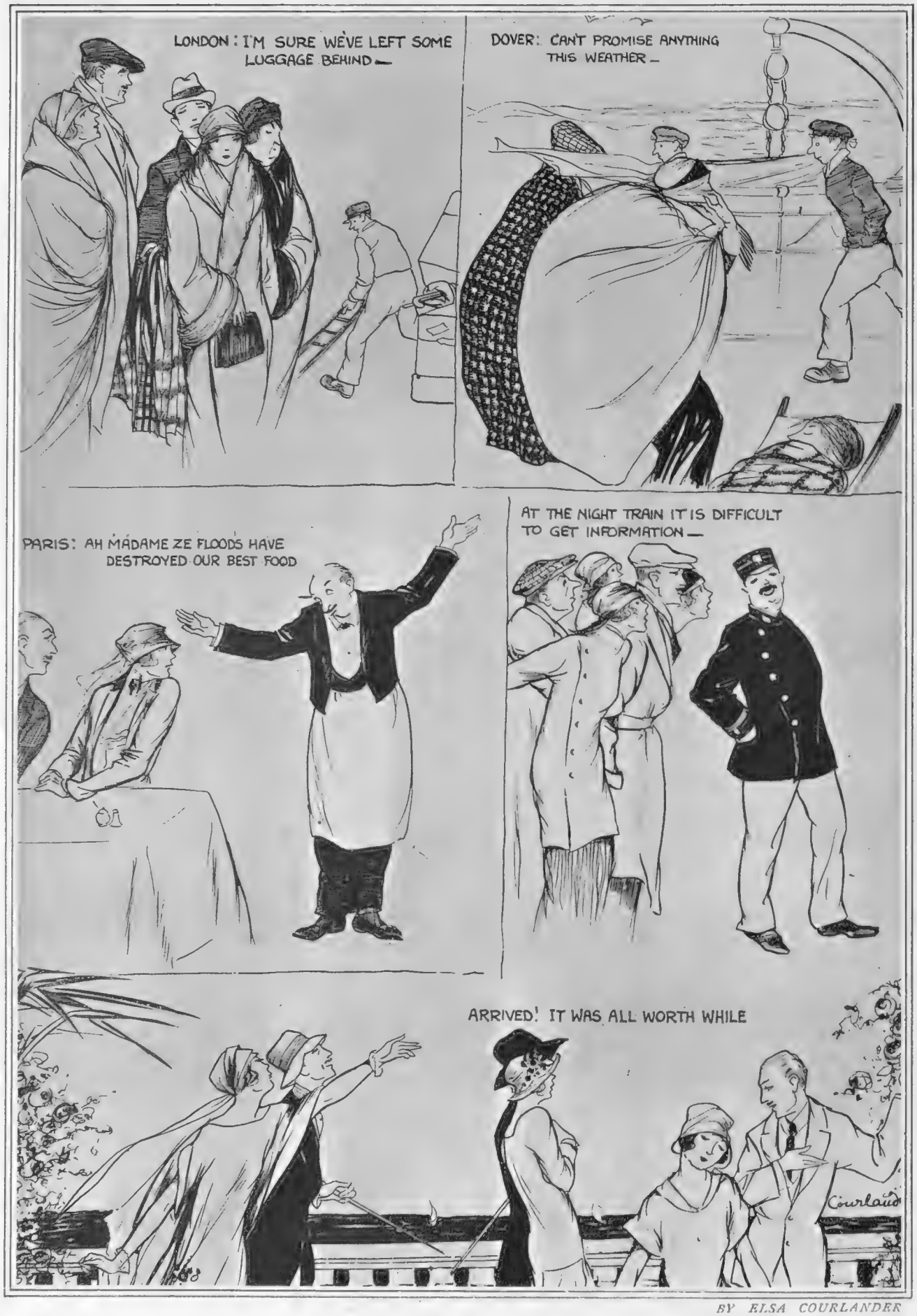
Anatole Obouchoff and Elena Smirnova in the ballet "The Danseuse and the Brigands." Judging by the above photograph, it would appear that Russian robbers have a more pleasing way of holding up fair travellers than have their English confreres

Central News

SWAT THAT FLY!

Boris Romanoff, the leader of the Russian Romantics, growing "all hot and bothered" in the Andalusiana Ballet, one of the company's most successful numbers

Means to an End



BY ELSA COURLANDER

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE AIR—OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR

RIVIERA GOLF

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. II.—NICE

"Sacré nom d'une pipe—don't I know my own bag, man?"

LEST the early morning and therefore probably irritable golfer should hear the conciérge at his hotel say "Cagnes" to the driver, let him not burst into song and dance, having a rendezvous on the first tee of the Nice Golf Club at 9.30, thinking he is about to be wafted to Cannes, much further away. It is a trap the uninitiated fall into: a confusing and natural error. For some reason, known only to the natives of these shores, they have a golf course in a village hard by Nice called Cagnes (no connection with Cannes further down) and every Englishman and American stumbles and splutters at first over the somewhat similar pronunciation. As far as I am ever able to pronounce the word, it is "Kine-yer"—and we will leave it at that.

Lloyd George, during one of his periods of Continental unpopularity, did the 17th hole here in one upon a blissful morning. Hay Gordon, the secretary and father of the club, was so struck with the immensity of this achievement that he erected a notice board on the 17th tee announcing the fact, so that all who golfed might read. Certain French gentlemen, with strong political views, remonstrated at this eyesore of a placard, saying querulously that it was bad enough to play a rotten round of golf—but to arrive on the last tee but one and see—"*mais franchement, Monsieur Gorrrdonne, on ne peut pas le supporter!*". . . . And the monument had to come down. Such is fame!

Another friend of mine out there, a Swiss gentleman, also did a hole in one. But the wrong hole, *nom de Dieu!* He played *un shot formidable* off the 8th tee, and the ball went into the hole on the 9th green—*incroyable!* I have never heard of such a record on any English course. He is terribly proud of it.

The Nice Club, of all others on the Riviera, is to my mind the most all round economical. Here the gentleman who sets out for a hearty lunch, and very little else, as unfortunately on the Continent so many people do, goes away sorrowful, like the young man with the great possessions. Not that you are not well fed there; you are. But there is purposely no attraction of *cuisine*. It is golf, for the comparatively poor man, and golf only. Considering that you only pay 350 francs for the season, with the franc round about 90, this is distinctly encouraging to the man who can't afford much golf at home these days. It is an extremely practical club from the golfer's point of view—and as such deservedly popular.

During the short-lived Riviera season of 110 days or so, this course averages daily during that time about 200 people off the first tee. This is a better advertisement for it than anything I can write. For of these 200 players, nearly all, of course, are British or American. The French people play there, naturally. Very much so in some cases. The President of the Club, Monsieur le Baron de Bellet, has a son and a daughter who have both won the French Open Championship in their time. The latter ran Miss Cecil Leitch to the 16th hole in the Championship at Le Touquet once, and only lost to her one down—no mean feat. I understand the tense excitement of the partisan spectators on that memorable occasion was very trying to both ladies.

"Lloyd George did the 17th hole here in one"

They have a Caddie-Master here, one Auguste Boyer by name, who always seems to me to be rather wasted in his job. He very often has well over 300 golf bags leaning pell-mell against the walls of his sanctum. He has never once been known to pick up the wrong bag and give it to you. He knows everybody's bag, does this prestidigitator, the second time he sees it. A man swore dreadfully at him one day, affirming strenuously that this was *not* his bag

"*Sacré nom d'une pipe*—don't I know my own bag, man?" He took the one he affirmed, adjectively, was his, and departed, mouthing incoherencies. Arrived on the 3rd green he returned, crestfallen, to Boyer. "You were right. This is not my bag." . . . . How is it done?

Robert Turnbull from Musselboro', the Professional here, did a thing once that I really think he ought to be locked up for doing. He holds the record for the course, 65 against a bogey of 73. One does not mind that, because golf Pros. have a nasty habit of holding records on their own courses. But what I object to is that he did the last 9 holes in 30—3 over 3's. And they measure over 3,000 yards. It is inhuman!

The golf here reminded me rather of Stoke Poges as to lie of land. There is one hole that people, coming back after long absence on other courses, immediately ask tenderly after.

"You haven't messed about with the 8th, have you?" when they see improvements elsewhere.

A hundred and thirty yards it is with a mashie. You stand, as it seems, practically underneath a thickish belt of trees. The elusive green twinkles in the sunlight behind it. And the extraordinary thing about this hole is that neither are the trees as high as they look, nor the green so elusive. A well pitched shot, and you are on. Brave people fall into the thicket of pines sometimes, and have the temerity to attempt to play out, often successfully. When my ball finds itself in a thicket of pines, it finds itself also in my pocket immediately afterwards. But it is a fascinating hole this, played well or badly.

As also is the 10th, 605 yards, all along the sea shore. The 7th from the raised plateau of a delicious olive grove, down across rolling, smooth turf with a hazard of another belt of olives before the big green is reached. The 11th, a little narrow passage between two beautiful copses—in fact none of these Nice holes that have not their peculiarly attractive characteristics. Aided and abetted, of course, by enchanting weather, clear skies, and the feeling of intense *joie de vivre* that only the Riviera surroundings can give to chilled Englishmen arriving there from the plague and pestilence of an English January, February and March.

I am always rather intrigued here by a laconic little notice printed on the score cards. It reads as follows:

"Each Competitor holds a position of trust in respect of the whole field of players; and it is his duty not only to play, but to see that his partner plays the game strictly in accordance with the Rules, and that the Scores are correctly marked."

Now I wonder what gave rise to that? It's the last sentence that worries me.

Nothing that *I* have done at any time, I hope! I can't remember that. . . .

Photograph *Sport and General*

BEAGLERS AT PASTERNS

Some outdoor enthusiasts with the hounds at a recent meet of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles near Limpsfield

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. X.—2 A.M. "RATS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

"Wandering minstrels" and some others who must never be missed

BY MACMICHAEL

d by anyone during the Gilbert and Sullivan season at Princes Theatre

A Call for "Spirits"

BY WILL OWEN

THE WORKMAN: "Quick, Bill! 'Ere's a bloke fainted!"

"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

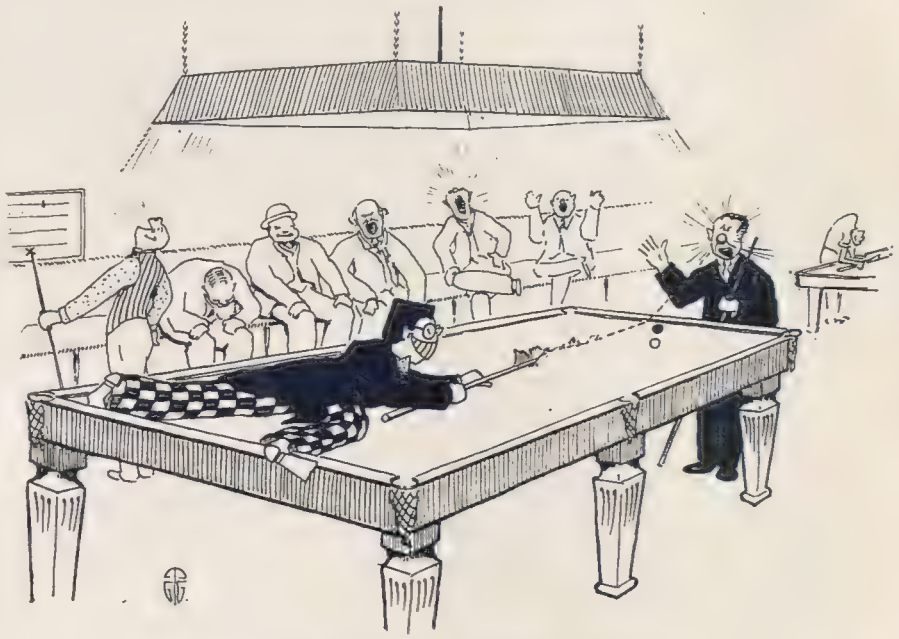
MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

KINDLY to renew your politenesses and make to fashionably print the following persuasions which I shall now transpire.

1stly I must inform of severe catastrophic which I have suffer in the tune of 5 pounds 5/- as follows per viz. Hon. sporting friend require of me do I not adore the billiards and snook, to which I response that I have not yetly taste him, but it sound very goodish like a cockstail. "O you must be very ignoramus," Hon. friend repost, "Are you so desophisticate not to have witness this intellectual pastime of kings and other mighties? Come, Yogo, I shall show you this delicious sporting."

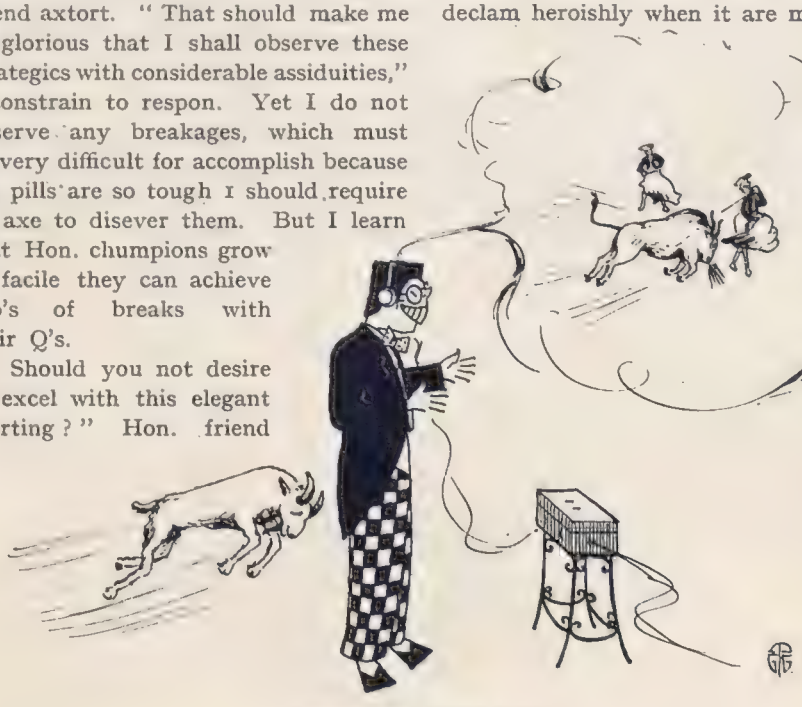
I accompany aforesaidly to a billiards and snook department where I observe 2 Hon. gents in white shirts with sticks which they make to poke some coloured pills into small bunkers on a table. "You should very studiously observe the strokes and other strategics, then perhapsly you shall grow a chumpion and make epoching breaks," Hon. friend axtort. "That should make me so glorious that I shall observe these strategics with considerable assiduities," I constrain to respon. Yet I do not observe any breakages, which must be very difficult for accomplish because the pills are so tough I should require an axe to disever them. But I learn that Hon. chumpions grow so facile they can achieve 100's of breaks with their Q's.

"Should you not desire to excel with this elegant sporting?" Hon. friend require. "O yes," I rejoint. "I must endeavour to make many breaks and then I may become a chump Q-ster and very stylish." When Hon. gents had finish bunkering, I am provide with a Q and make to admonish a severe blow to 1 of the pills. I only score a dribble and then Hon. friend to bat. I make a very good aim, shut my eye and push a great blow at adjacent pill. "Banzai! This are a chumpion break!" I cheer because I had expertly made the pill to bounce entirely off the table and bisected the cloth with the muzzle of my Q. "O this are very deucish kettle of soup!"



"Banzai! This are chumpion break!"

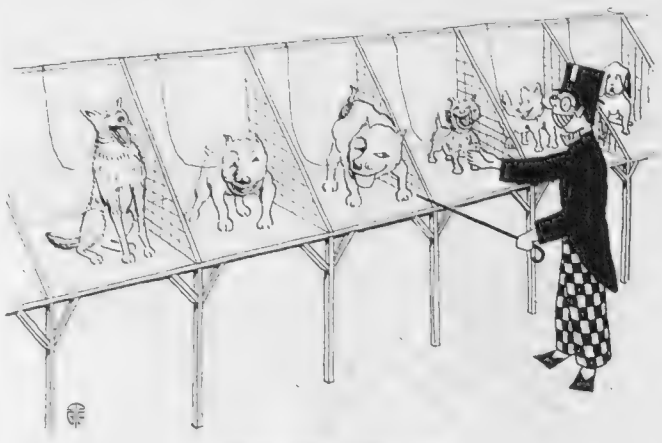
push 2 of the pills into a bunker which makes him very happy and gay. "Now I shall score a break or expire!" I declam heroishly when it are my turn Hon. friend ejacule. "You have spilt the cloth, Yogo." "Indeedly yes, thereforely I have win and shall be a brilliant chump," I repart victorially. "You are chump idiot and shall have 3 or 5 gns up the shirt," I are responsed. This was saddishly so and I do not think I adore very much these infantine sportings with Q's and pills, so I shall not make to shoot them any more.



"Administering severish butts"

I learn with considerable excitements that some British Soccers will be export to the Antipods nextly month, where they shall teach the footbladder game to the benighted Maries and other Australasias. Let us hope it shall not be too roughish scrumming for these gentle natives who live in back blocks and enjoy to hunt the boomerang, platypuss, wallaby and suchly harmless quadrapeds for their furs. No doubtlessly the Brtsh Socs will make to return covered with dampers and other Anti-podish laurels very pleasant to bear.

I have hear that Hon. King Alfonso has permit Brtsh broadcasting persons to distribute wireless bull fightings from



"To observe these replete canines"

Spain. How delicious it shall be to hear the Hon. bulls administering severeish butts to Hon. matadors who cannot retract their paces with sufficient speeds! Perhapsly we shall hear their ejacules and profanes when hoist by their petards and other refined latitudes, which shall be very gay listening. O yes, I shall muchly love to observe these airless combats and impacts without suffering risks to my personal proprieties as when butted once by a goat who ate my hat.

All lovers of their canine species must be gay to know that very soonly Hon. Sir Cruft will perform a dog show and give prizes to those who have made the fattest dogs. This are good policies and very human because it makes us to feed our feathered friends very luxuriently to win cups and belts. How delightful it shall be to observe these replete canines who are so adiposed they would deflate if punctuated. The dog are a very useful driped, I bemuse, and when defunct is translate into skunk, fox and suchly femn skins by trappists and other hunting persons.

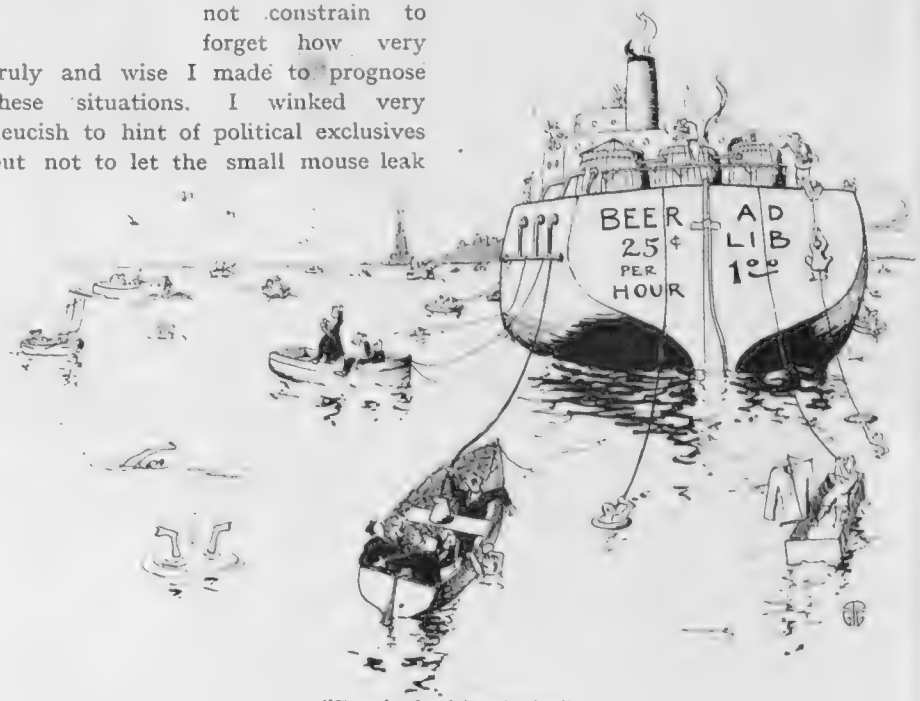
O yes, I depose, there are many good newses to-day, as per instants the Hamburg - Americans who have made to build a beer ship which shall float on U.S. waters and brew this succulent beverage. This should be goodish tidings for dryish persons with wet depravities who have hithertoly suffered no quenches. How sweet it shall be to observe all these parched persons clefting the watery deeps by swims and other nautical propulsions to enjoy legal intoxications. Perhapsly a few shall submerge, but shall esteem it a happy departing like Hon. princes in the Tower who collapsed into a tub of sherry and died without stings.

"But how of the current politicals, Mr. Y Hama?" you apost. O yes, Hon. Sir, but you should not constrain to forget how very truly and wise I made to prognose these situations. I winked very deucish to hint of political exclusives but not to let the small mouse leak from the bag, otherwisely you should make too good guessings. But now you shall see these were very smartish prognostics, because Hon. Sir Ramsey are now a primate, Hon. Sir Baldwin and Hon. Sir Asquith have not kiss to make friends and we are all Socials and very red. Yes indeedly, this was good tipping because I maintained my discretions and did not let the mouse to entirely escape. O no, we have not any greens in our eye to-day!

But we still suffer the high winds and other non-peaceful blowings. At time of this transcription the Hon. locomotor drivers have finished their strikings, and now the dock industrials make threat to cease docking unless they acquire extravagent bobs per day. This are very saddish business and shall make us all very impoverish like the feline tribes. If we suffer so many more of these strikings, our commerces and other prosperities shall suffer demolish and capital persons will evap to more industrial environs. Then soonly grt Britain will be depopped like the Sarah and other non-inhabitated desserts.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you are still enjoying complacent healths and love to all, I remain

Yogo Hama



"To enjoy legal intoxication"

"Soonly grt Britain will be depopped"

Carried Unanimously

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Do you like Mabel?"
"Well—she means well."
"Neither do I"

PARIS NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

No. VI.—THE PATHOS OF MONTMARTRE

THERE is something pathetic about the atmosphere of Montmartre. You feel that Montmartre, as you have known and loved it all your life, is on its last legs. It has a foothold still upon the popular imagination; but a precarious one. The feet are beginning to slip down. When the slide takes place, downwards, the abyss of *déclassement* will yawn wide and sinster beneath, very near.

The *endroits* in Montmartre are, even now, the places whither you wander, yawning, in the taxis, when all else has flickered out and died. Do not let it be supposed, however, that there is not gaiety, verve, and abandon to be found. There is all three, full measure, running over. But the gaiety is of the forced, hothouse variety; it has not bloomed in the sun of pure enjoyment; it has been pinched into a grin, almost a leer. The verve is that tense spirit which jogs the body into the dance, because to-morrow we die some metaphorical death of ennui. The abandonment is bred of a horror of the dull dawn, and of the desire for one more, and yet another, tango or foxtrot, for there may never be a third—who knows?

One hears of people—I have done it myself, it is a common ailment—who dash from Zelli's to L'Abbaye and from L'Abbaye to Pigalle's—and back again to one or the other, feverishly in search of the bang and smash of the jazz, which by sheer satiation is waning within you. You have got to keep going on and on. The dance fever is in your feet and is acting upon you like drugs to the brain—hence Montmartre, and all that it implies.

What does it imply? Come and take a dispassionate peep at it, a difficult thing to do, because one does not often go up the hill in cold blood. Two things you must never do, on going to Montmartre, if you would wish to be thought an *habitué*, a *connu*, which is the desire of most Englishmen. When you set out from Rectors, or the Embassy, or wherever you have been tuned up to the dance delirium, don't step into the first car that slides up to the door. Unless you ask for, and insist upon getting, *un taxi de la ville* (with flag) you will find you are in somebody's private car, the chauffeur making a little illicit overtime at his master's expense, and you will be expected to pay accordingly. I know a wily American to whom, by the grace of a benevolent Providence, this happened two nights running *in the same private car*. He had meanwhile been "put wise," as he expressed it; and on the second occasion, instead of paying the twenty francs demanded, he merely said on arrival at his destination (as advised) "emportez moi au Commissaire de Police." And he immediately got clear on payment of the correct fare. But Englishmen hate a scene, and willingly pay to avoid one.

The second is, don't stand on the steps of Pigalle's, as I saw a man do recently, and ask for a taxi to take you to L'Abbaye. Obsequious men in liveries will wink with turned head, for the one is almost opposite the other, just across the road.

Typical, also, of the state of mind of the

"Come and take a peep at it"

"An 'Oh, là! là!' as the heel comes off"

Montmartois madman, with whom I sat once, his guest (yawning heavily in spite of that fact), was his remark to me when at 4 a.m. I suggested meekly, that surely our hotel called us now? He replied, with an alert, bright eye:

"My hotel calls *me* at *midi*, same as yesterday; come on, let's go somewhere else, say where—one of your stunt places, old boy. . . ."

It is what, two—three of the morning? *'Sais pas!* Nobody knows. There are no clocks—pouf! who wants a clock? At L'Abbaye they are still supping luxuriously, furiously. Waiters, tireless, attentive, deft-fingered, are cooking things in front of your table. This being your third meal since 9 p.m. your palate is dulled. But no matter, come on . . . bring some. . . . The orchestra is trying to overcome the din . . . who cares? They are even dancing on the red carpet, who minds? . . . A dance or two with someone who accepts you with a smiling resignation, with whom you have not two sentences in common. Another with a woman with gleaming teeth—but not for you, for the sombre man in the corner, eating spaghetti dexterously, who glances at her from time to time nodding approvingly, paternally. Urgh! She is as ferro-concrete in your grasp. . . . *Merci Mademoiselle*—and away.

Pigalle's, opposite, which flaunts brazenly the fact "Open All Night" on its doors. As if you didn't know! Supper parties here again, and more supper parties, intimate and concentrated in *coteries* of eight, in corners. A "ting-tang-whonk" of band . . . a metallic laugh or two, an "Oh, là! là!" from a woman whose heel comes off. A sextette of dancers whirling, whirling . . . it is an interval for food here, too, eaten voraciously, hurriedly—and for you, therefore, dull. . . . "Chez Zelli," to the driver. . . . "Hullo, Zelli, you old rascal, what about it?" Zelli, rotund, smiling, tireless, has always got "the Royal Box" for you and marshals you towards it. There is no such thing, of course. The Royal Box in Zelli's jargon means merely that everything which is of the best in life is at your disposition. Some supper? God forbid. . . . A drink at his bar in the recess—ah! And the faithful Madame Zelli, also tireless in manner, if not in face, smiles weakly at you and your desire for 4 a.m. Bass, which appears instantly.

The taxi rattles you home over the uneven cobbles, later. And a blur of faces, all tired, strenuously denying fatigue, passes before your mind. To what end is all this, and that, and the other? For what exact ill is it the panacea?

Paris shrouds a multitude of ills beneath her ample night cloak. Some, it is true, peep out malevolently in the morning again.

But night follows morning inexorably, and soon.

And we are open all night. Desperately wide open.

We hope we shall never shut. Because then . . .?

A shrug. The shrug of Paris, which may mean so much—or so little.

Photograph *Abbé*

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

Miss Mannering, who is dancing at "L'Ours," the fashionable cabaret next to Ciro's on the Rue Daunou, caught in an unconventional setting. To judge by our photograph, it isn't only the black variety of "felis domesticus" that is lucky—in Paris at any rate

RUGGER RAGGINGS

TROUBLES OF A TOUCH JUDGE

By "PENDARVES"

ANY match, any time, any place.

The touch judge is either one of the following species of animal.

I. A "just-not-picked-for-the-side," though, in his own estimation, a damsite better than Buggins, who has superseded him.

II. A "Has Been," with a lofty tolerance towards all new players, and an old 'Varsity blazer which he wears as often as possible.

III. An obliging stranger, who dashes forward eagerly at the inquiry "Who'll take a flag?"

IV. The retiring individual, who used to play occasionally for the B team in 1896, and has the greatness of a flag thrust upon him. It is towards the latter species that our sympathies, naturally turn, because he usually has a word-perfect recollection of most of the theoretical laws of the game, culled from *Wisden's Almanack*, and could teach most referees a thing or two.

Being invested with the dignity of touch judge suddenly without warning, and having to discard his overcoat and face a battery of eyes from the stands behind him, his thoughts must often run something like this:—

". . . . don't much like the idea of taking on this job. Years since I've done it. Besides my sympathies are all with our side. How the deuce am I going to be unbiassed as to whose ball it is? . . . . (Wanders quarter-deck fashion up and down line while teams come out and remembers some awkward rules). . . 'It is the duty of the touch judge, subject to decision of referee, to say to which side he considers the ball in touch belongs.' . . . 'The referee shall have power to treat a touch judge as if he were a player . . . and to order him off the ground. . . .' H'm. This is not going to be at all amusing seeing that *this* referee is the biggest ass that ever blew solos on a whistle. . . . 'In the case of a failure of his watch the referee should consult the touch judge. . . .' Lor', I haven't got a watch on. What does one do in a case like that?"

Game begins. Our T.J. begins to hare up and down line realising his wind is not what it was, and slipping at every third yard.

Two wrong decisions in first five minutes. Receives icy stare from Referee, and muttered remark from outraged forward of opposing side, "Here, that won't do, you old idiot."

Wind blows ball over line and back into play. Only rule he can't remember. Too out of breath to remember anything now. Continues running wildly. Malevolent cries of "touch, touch" all along the stands, intermingled with "put your *flag* up, man. . . . ." Begins to wish devoutly he hadn't taken on job. Wonders how long his wind will hold out . . . doubtful if he can last till half-time. Receives crushing hack on shin by burly forward at a line tackle. Agony of pain alters whole outlook on life. One desire only now; to give our fellows every possible advantage, and a whispered exhortation to friendly three-quarters during a casualty pause to "lay out that red-headed forward, ol' man, for God's sake". . . . Staccato soliloquy to himself for rest of game as follows:—"Can't expect man of my age to do hundred yard sprints every three minutes . . . whole field waiting for me other end of ground . . . haven't faintest idea whose ball it is this time . . . shall give it our chaps, o' course . . . believe I've bust braces . . . Sure of it . . . can I wave flag and stop game? No. Shall retire at half-time and put on belt . . . realise from close up of scrums that their side has continual foot up . . . believe Referee has money on this game . . . fearful thought . . . he must have . . . does nothing whatever about consistently foul play of red-headed forward."

Half-time. Decides tell Referee about some of their tactics. Does so. Is violently snubbed. In excitement and anger of moment forgets all about braces. No time go dressing-rooms . . . must borrow hanky from man in front row. Does so. Hanky much too small . . . general titter from rope seats. Loathes the whole business by now. Must hope for best with overlapping trouser button. Does so. Fearful stitch in side follows. ". . . Can't keep this up much longer . . . must have run miles already. Never realised you want to be in training for this sort of thing. Anyway our side is likely to win—that's something . . . They get a try. Retire behind goal to judge the kick. . . . Perfectly certain ball never came through. Other man says it did (their side, of course), dare I disagree? . . . not perfectly certain now I come think of it. Better give them benefit of doubt. Does so. . . . Look of incredulous astonishment on faces of all our players standing under cross bar . . . mutterings from many. Believe I've lost them the match. Other side now one point ahead. . . . Whistle goes for no side. . . . Our captain approaches. 'That last shot at goal never went inside the post, you garden ass, couldn't you *see*? Have you ever taken a touch line before . . . ?'

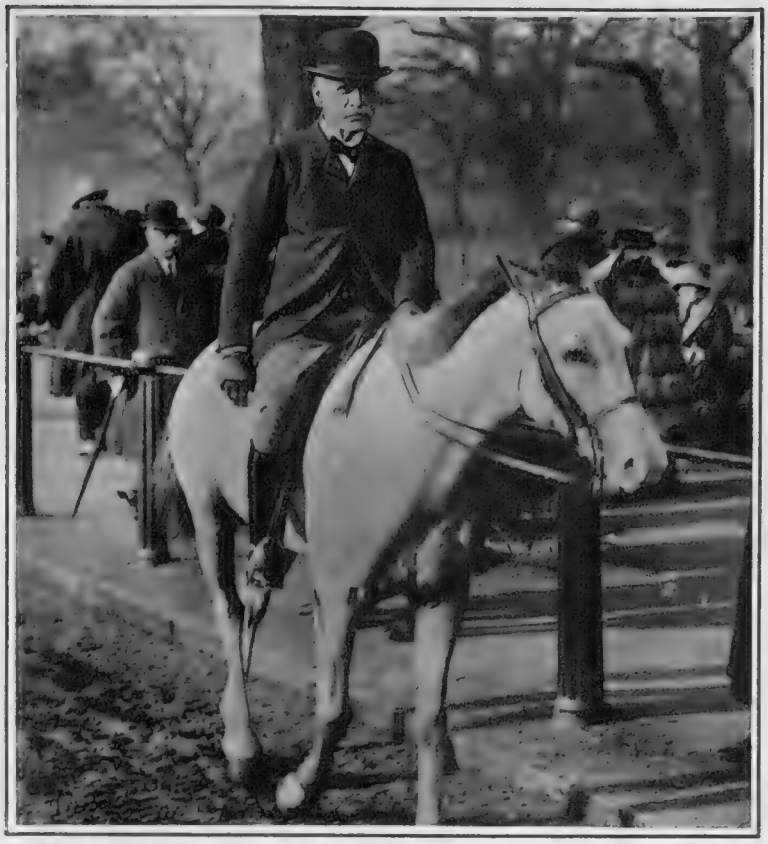
"Yes, but I never will again."

Photograph *Central News*

IN A TIGHT CORNER

A. C. Wallace, the Scottish "three," preparing to receive guests in the shape of T. Johnson and Harold Davies, during the Scotland v. Wales international at Inverleith. Scotland proved easily the better team, trouncing the Welsh XV by 35 points to 10

That Spring Feeling in the Row



Photograph *Central News*

LORD STAMFORDHAM

The King's Private Secretary ploughs a lonely furrow as it were, in the Row, on a sunlit occasion

Photograph *Sport and General*

FEATURING MISS FAY COMPTON—

—On a Sunday morning ride. What would the "Little Meenister" say!

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD AND LADY STANHOPE

Not a hundred miles away from the gate that bears their name. These are just a few of the people, equestrian or humbly pedestrian, who came out in the Park like the crocuses, to answer that very insistent call of Spring last week. Alas, it was only a flash in the pan—or should one say a flash of Pan's pipes, scintillating in a stray gleam of sunshine?

All Things Considered

IF I were Mr. Baldwin,
And you were Ramsay Mac,
I'd say, "Although it's rotten,
To us they do not cotton;
Let's get ourselves forgotten,
And give ourselves the sack."
If I were Mr. Baldwin,
And you were Ramsay Mac.

. . . . . .

A MISS PEGGY O'NEILL is reported to have said that the English have no sense of humour. But we have sufficient to laugh at America.

. . . . . .

ANONYMOUS and libellous communications appear to be on the increase. They seem to be a development of the picture pest-card nuisance.

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN old lady in a village was always late with her rent, and was regularly assisted by the Lady of the Manor. The last time the rent collector called, she remarked to him, "You must wait till Lady Di comes round." But it *was* quarter day.

. . . . . .

A GENTLEMAN in an intoxicated condition at Highgate was charged with using obscene language. His excuse was that he said the words "blotto voce."

A hitherto unpublished poem of Milton's is reported to have been discovered. It may be genuine but we suspect it to be another Parodies Lost.

. . . . . .

THE accounts of Lenin's lying in state recall the schoolboy's famous rendering of *splendide mendax*.

. . . . . .

"SNOWDROPS" was a huge headline in an evening contemporary. But who on earth said it didn't?

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that all the Government wants is a hearty slap on the back for encouragement. Does anyone want to Pat Hastings?

. . . . . .

A JOURNAL states that there arrived recently at St. John's, Newfoundland, a ketch with a cargo of English whisky in a water-logged condition. We thought there was a ketch in it.

. . . . . .

A SUBSTITUTE for the material of which the bowler hat is made has been discovered. It should supply a long felt want.

. . . . . .

ALL through the railway strike we are told that local trains from Wigan ran with regularity. The town's motto seems to be, "Wigan will wag on."

. . . . . .

"OUR public schools are effete, decayed and decrepit," storms an infuriated parent. Are we to believe that a certain scholastic institution is moth Eton?

. . . . . .

A lady in far Nicaragua
Encountered a man-eating jagua;
Though she shivered and shook,
He just gave her a look,
And remarked, "What a terrible hagua!"

. . . . . .

A WELSH preacher has been denouncing games and dancing. He inveighed bitterly against cricket, which he described as "a bat and wicket game."

. . . . . .

"YOU aren't here to have a pleasant time," said the master, taking the customary afternoon detention class. "Look straight up at me!"

. . . . . .

"WHY did you return that club suit?"
"I thought you wanted it."
"No, it was quite uncalled for."

. . . . . .

"MUMMY," asked little Joan, "do the angels have meat for dinner?"
"No, darling, certainly not."
"Oh, then, I suppose they have an egg with their tea."

. . . . . .

SPRING

'Tis sweet to see the daffodils,
And walk beside the purling rills;
And sweet to watch the little lambs
Who earn faint praises from their dams!

. . . . . .

Answers to Correspondents

CLASSICAL: We cannot trace the quotation, *Nunc est Bibesco*.

STELLA: No, *pas de deux* does not mean father of twins.

HUMORIST Certainly not. The acrobat who jumps on a slack wire has nothing in common with an organist who jumps on a slack choir.

ENQUIRER: Mrs. Gamp did not invent umbrellas.

DRUGS Mr. Arnold Bennett did not write "Sacred and Cocaine Love."

EXCHANGE: Tennyson was probably not thinking of the telephone when he wrote, "Ring out, wild bells."

GOUTY: Yes, there are sermons in chalk-stones.

A SOUND ARGUMENT By STAN TERRY

MOTHER (*to Betty, who has answered ring at door*): "Who was it, dear?"
BETTY: "Only a lady looking for the wrong house!"

Perennially Appropriate

AT all hours, from sun-up to sundown and after, on all occasions, from entertaining to being entertained, and at all seasons, from fans to furs, pearls are perennially appropriate whether they are Oriental Pearls or Téclas.

Tecla Pearl Necklaces with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas.

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DEWAR'S
The Spirit Beyond Compare

Most men choose DEWAR'S and small wonder! Year in and year out its distinctive character remains steadfast and incomparable. Perfect distillation, genius in blending and gigantic stocks make DEWAR'S popularity—and will keep it!

Shakespeare—With a Strong Cast

RAMSEO: ". . . . . *Wert thou as far*
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise"

SOVIET: "*This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,*
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
—[Disturbances off]—*I hear some noise within*
—Excuse me one moment, darling!"

(SHAKESPEARE, *assisted by* E. T. REED)

SPORT OF THE WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph [*Topical*

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

The thrill and exhilaration of ski-jumping is well illustrated in the above photograph of T. Thams of Norway, who won this event in the Olympic Games Winter Sports at Chamonix. In exhibition jumps, Thams cleared 57½ metres, with a 25-metres start, which is considered a world's "record"

Photograph *Central News*

CUTTING A GOOD FIGURE

M. Berger and Mme. Engelmann, who won the Figure Skating in Couples Competition at Chamonix. They represented Austria, which was sixth with 25 points, in the final classifications

Photograph [*Central Press*

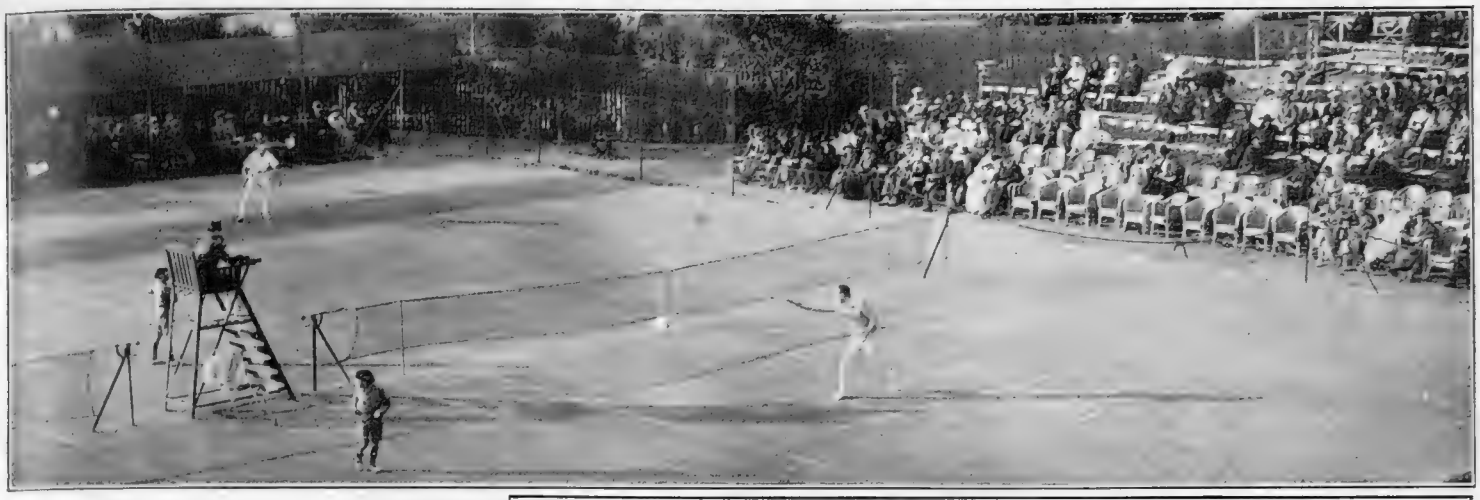
HELVETIA TRIUMPHANT

The Swiss Leysin Bobsleigh team, who won this event in the Olympic Games competition at Chamonix in the record time of 1 min. 25 secs., beating Great Britain (the runners-up) in the final heat. M. E. Scherrer, the Swiss Captain, is the right-hand figure in the team

Photograph *Central Press*

A "NEW WORLD" ENCOUNTER

Play in mid-field during the final of the Olympic Ice Hockey Competition at Chamonix between Canada and the United States. Canada won this event by 6 goals to 1, having previously beaten Great Britain, who won third place in the final classifications, by the substantial score of 19 goals to 2. Canada and Italy tied for last place, with one point each, in the final classifications



Photograph *L.N.A.*

TENNIS MIDST THE PALMS

A general view of the courts at the Parc Impérial at Nice during the tournament, which is one of the most important of those held on the Riviera

Photographs *Sport and General*

H. W. KERR

About to break the tape in the first heat of the half-mile (Inter-Collegiate Cup) at Oxford. He won by twenty yards in 2 minutes 4.2-5 seconds

ETON BEAGLERS

Mr. C. M. Floyd, the Master (centre), and the whips of the Eton College Beagles, at a recent meet at Dorney Gate, which was exceptionally well attended

Photograph *Topical*

THE ENGLISH BADMINTON TEAM AT DUBLIN

England's representatives who beat Ireland by 5 matches to 4. Standing: Messrs. J. McFarlane (left), H. R. C. Martin, H. S. Uber, and A. W. Goodfellow. Seated: Mrs. Horsley (left), Sir G. A. Thomas, Mrs. Tragett, Mr. F. Hodge and Miss Kitty McKane, to whom congratulations on her badminton romance

Photograph *Sport and General*

GETTING RID OF IT SOMEHOW

A St. George's forward obeys insistent demands to pass before being tackled in the first round of the Hospital Cup. St. George's beat Charing Cross by 41 points to nil

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

"Taffy"

When the name of a horse, like that of a man, becomes habitually abbreviated, you may know that he has achieved a certain amount of popularity. When Taffytus is running, you hear him usually spoken of simply as "Taffy," and if he wins the Grand National there will be no stint of enthusiasm. And make no mistake about it, he has a wonderful chance of achieving the highest distinction which steeplechasing has to offer. As though to mark his opinion of the handicapping, Taffytus came out and won a three and a half mile race in rousing style at Sandown Park. They say the old horse hasn't got any pace. Anyway, he travelled much too fast for Gerald L. and the rest at Sandown, finishing up the hill like a juvenile. "Yes," the sceptics will say, "but will he do it at Aintree?" Well, we know he can jump the country, and Tom Leader, his trainer, declares that he can "stay for ever." "Taffy" will take a good deal of beating at Liverpool.

The Lincoln

There is still much mystery about Epinard and the Lincoln. Most of the ante-post bookmakers have now issued their lists on the race, but they are not taking any risks about the French colt. I see him quoted in some places at 8's and in others at 6's. For myself, I shall not attempt to back him until the day of the race, and then, if he appears at Lincoln, I shall not mind taking a short price about him. Last week I wrote about another French candidate, Sir Gallahad III, and I notice that his price has shortened appreciatively. I am warned that this colt has a bit of a temper, but you cannot get away from the merit of his best form in France Epinard has been entered for the Kempton Jubilee, which reminds us that there will be a good deal for him to do after Lincoln. In fact, I still think that M. Wertheimer will be ill-advised to train him for a race so early in the season.

At Hurst Park

The Walton Steeplechase at Hurst Park on Friday should prove another interesting National trial. In spite of his stiff penalty, Taffytus has accepted, and he is still in receipt of substantial weight from Hawker and Shaun Spadah. We shall watch with special interest the performance of Kwang Su II. I look to **Taffytus** to repeat his Sandown success. On the same afternoon the Roehampton Hurdle Handicap should be another event well worth seeing. I take **Ulster Division** as a likely winner. **Royal Edgar** should take the New Century Steeplechase on the second day. The St. Valentine's Hurdle Race at Windsor on Thursday may fall to **Chartered.**

Photograph *Topical*

POLO IN INDIA

The Viceroy's Staff team, who won the All-India Polo Championship. The group consists of Captain Coombs, Major Lawrence, Major Atkinson, and Hamidullah Khan

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

What the M.F.H. Did

"Many of the field followed the fox without waiting for the huntsman and hounds, and the Master signalised his disapproval of these tactics by stopping the pack." I take this significant extract from an account of a day's sport with the Cottesmore last week. I can imagine Mr. W. J. Baird's brother Masters reading the news with much satisfaction, and exclaiming, in American fashion, that it was the proper dope to hand out to those who were, apparently, bent on riding down the fox on their own. Words seem to be wasted on some inconsiderate Nimrods, who think of nothing but securing a good place for themselves, utterly regardless of the sport they are spoiling for other people. Mr. Baird's drastic procedure will appeal to them as something they can readily understand, and it ought to have the effect of checking over-riding with that pack for the rest of the season.

Still Waiting

Last week found Northamptonshire hunting folk full of hope that at a very early date they would be able to resume sport in at least some part of their country. Meltonians, however, have been again plunged in despair by another case of the wretched foot-and-mouth trouble in their midst. This is the worst of luck, for the Ministry of Agriculture were on the point of announcing the "all clear" in this district. And now goodness knows whether hounds will be able to hunt again round Melton this season. The Warwickshire have been hunting on the Banbury side of their country, and their members have been thankful for the relaxation, but Mr. Joshua Fielden has had to be on the *qui vive* all the time lest hounds should overstep the boundary line. This keen M.F.H. is to receive a presentation upon his retirement at the end of the season.

Notable Gallops

Lord Worcester continues to strengthen his reputation in hunting his father's hounds. He had charge of the mixed pack last week when they made a fine six-mile point in the course of a run lasting just over an hour and a half. In Yorkshire there have been some sparkling hunts since regulations were relaxed. The Middleton ran one fox off his legs in regular steeplechasing fashion after meeting at Wharram last week, and on the same afternoon the Sinnington greatly distinguished themselves. First they made a five-mile point, and killed their fox at the end of ninety minutes. Then they hunted another for two hours and a half, and would have gone on if it had not been necessary to stop them in failing light. This was a nine-mile point, and nearly double the distance as hounds ran. A.W.C.

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

A MAN might leave a new hat in the rain overnight, determined to make it less exuberantly new-looking. He might even attempt to mature it up the chimney or in the coal-hole. Such desperate measures are, in reality, needless. The Lincoln Bennett Hand-made Felt, though newly bought, is not unduly assertive in its juvenility. And—balancing its virtues—when full of years, looks still as if its time were yet before it.

Lincoln Bennett

HATS of Character and Reputation

Lincoln Bennett Hand-made Felts are sold in many varying styles and shapes by the best Hatters throughout the Kingdom, at the uniform price of **27/6.**

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LINCOLN BENNETT & Co Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON TRADE MARK.

THE TRAMS OF OUR ISLAND HOME

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

THERE is no romance about a tram. No tram has ever been lovable. There have been no picturesque tram-drivers and tram-conductors in fiction—unless you look upon Mr. D. H. Lawrence's creation in this line as picturesque. Is it not a little astonishing that a vehicle in which a substantial portion of many lives is spent has thus far attracted no poets?

But stay! I do recall one beautiful lyric which was sung in the pre-War music-hall:

Tramcar, Tramcar,
Why do your wheels go round?
Tramcar, Tramcar,
Gliding along the ground.
Daddy is an angel
Up in the skies afar.
Why do your bright lights twinkle,
Tramcar, Tramcar?

Tramcars are not luxurious carriages at any time or in any town. London can claim the largest and the best-constructed, I suppose, though there is much to be said for the toast-rack arrangement of the New York street-car. The L.C.C. trams, moreover, are cleanly kept and particularly well-lit. Yet I find myself avoiding them like the plague. In any provincial city I will mount a tram with complete confidence. The vehicle may be antiquated in design, mud-stained and shabby from neglected metal-work, but I know that it will progress smoothly and regularly to my destination.

Not so the L.C.C. tram. In the first place, it rocks most alarmingly and threateningly to anyone with a weak stomach, and it has cultivated a fiendish ability to stop with a sudden jerk which throws the hindmost on to the foremost. In fact, an austere philosopher who wished to remain single owed his marriage to a journey on an L.C.C. tram. In a letter of apology and explanation to his aged mother he wrote: "At every lurch we became better acquainted."

It must not be claimed that the provincial tram never lurches nor pulls up with embarrassing suddenness. But these unpleasantnesses are certainly much rarer in Glasgow and Manchester than they are in London. It cannot be a question of mechanism, and we must put it down to the greater tolerance of the Cockney. The Lancastrian, if he were shaken up, would complain at once about being robbed of his penny, and the Scot would insist on having his halfpenny back. In London we would submit to being thrown from hand to hand and apologise to the official who dropped us.

It is to be recommended, therefore, to the provincial that, when he visits a London area served by trams, he should go in a taxi-cab. The charge is substantially higher than for the tram, but he will reach his destination with his teeth intact and without having to buy brandy to suppress vertigo. Moreover, the cheapness of the London taxi is not sufficiently known to the provincial. One can travel in London for a shilling over a distance which would be priced at half-a-crown in Glasgow or Brighton.

I do not wish to be suspected of reflecting on the drivers of the L.C.C. trams. They are not likely to be less expert than those in the provinces, and they certainly do their best in difficult circumstances. One cannot judge of their characters because they live lonely lives, like the lamp-feeders in light-houses. The conductors, on the other hand, we know well. Bright, willing youths with alarmingly dirty hands and steady, clear eyes. And their vocabulary! "Tight," they will exclaim sometimes when late revellers are returning home, and all straphangers know then that the tram is about to start and that it behoves them to cling tightly to their supports.

There has been but one poetical tram-conductor, and he was a Dago. It was in the old days when trams were drawn by horses, and this sun-burnt fellow with raven locks and froth-white teeth was a popular character in South London. When the tram was at rest he would call attention to it, shouting its merits to the passers-by. "All ze way to ze beautiful Camberwella Greena" used to make the old horse-busmen roar with delight, and many a time I have heard him cry, "Halfa de penny to de Obeliska." When the crowd laughed, he laughed too! Where are you now, little Giovanni?

Those dear old horse-trams! I know we cannot have them back again, nor would I if we could, for the work was cruelly hard for the poor beasts. But horses are not the only draught animals. The mule stood it well, and always looked full of life. How splendid it would be if during the period of the coming British Empire Exhibition we could abandon electric traction. Gaily caparisoned mules to draw you to Tooting! Cars drawn by six camels to Lewisham would be literally besieged even by people who know Lewisham. Piebald oxen ruled by Rhodesians in red shirts and with long thongs would draw crowds to the Embankment, and imagine the pride and joy the South Londoner would take in being carried to the Elephant in a tramcar drawn by the animal of that name. In the mind's eye, I see the noble beast pause occasionally in his progress to raise a mendicant trunk towards first floor windows filled with bun-armed children. . . . But I must curb the machinery of my dreams. The Lossie loon is just sending off the Jamesograd to Leningrad to be in time for the pogrom. Life is real and earnest, and we are not going to be allowed to forget it.

Within this bottle is Whisky without equal

This border indicates the "brambles" and 'dimples' which you will now find on all bottles of Peter Dawson Whisky.

WHEREVER you see a bottle that has "brambles" and "dimples" lighting up its countenance with pride and pleasure, you may be sure that you and genuinely old whisky are at last face to face.

The name of this whisky is Peter Dawson and it is the product of generations of experience in the art of distilling, blending and maturing.

No grasping financial interests have seized hold of "P.D" and prematurely aged it. It is a naturally old whisky. Whisky grown old by the slow count of years.

The respect due to old age, not to mention your palate, demands that you try "P.D"

It's easy to say "P.D"
It's hard to get better Whisky

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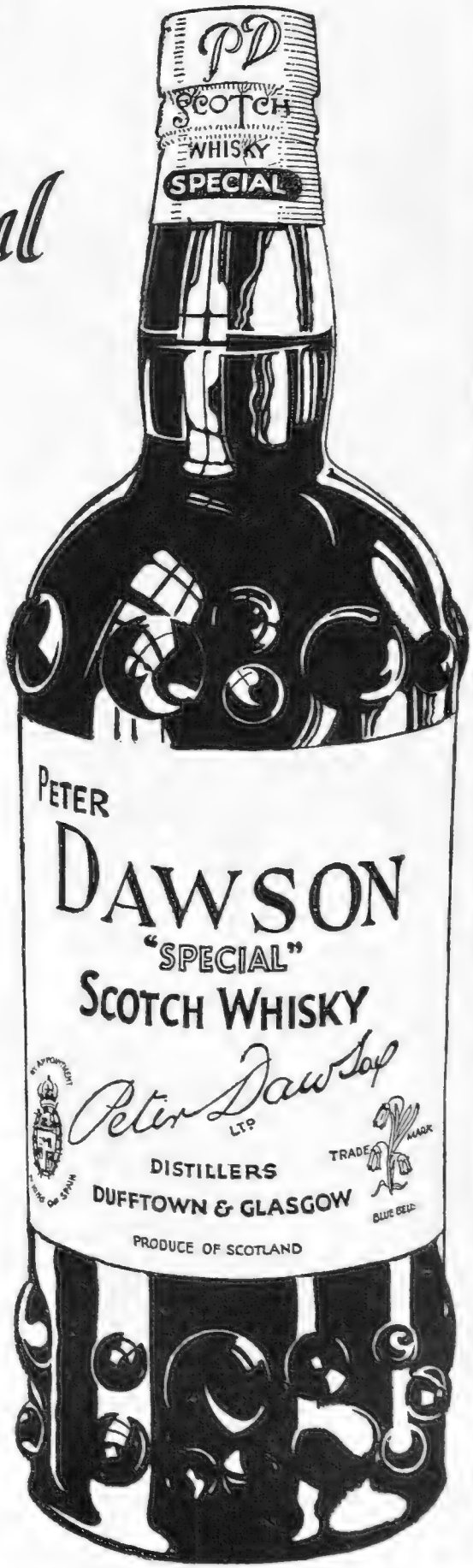
"P.D" is the Whisky you can't drown

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" send your cheque for £7 10 0 to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent

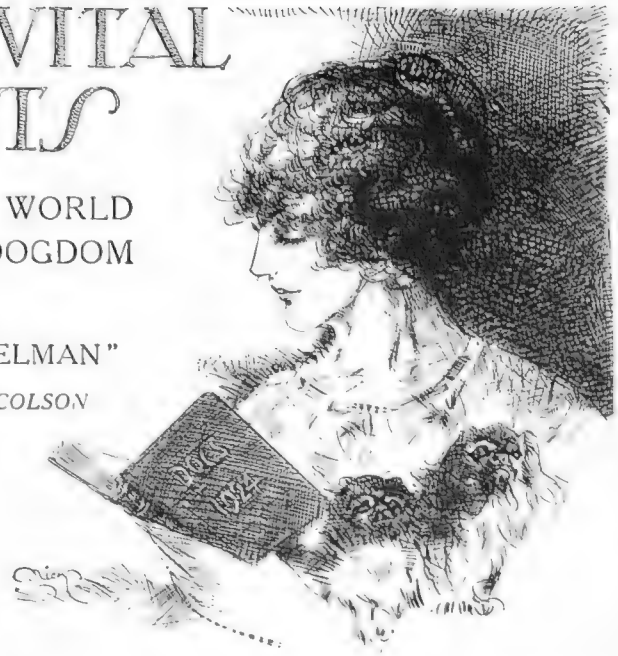


SOME VITAL FACTS

HOW THE WORLD WAGS IN DOGDOM

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Sketches by NICOLSON



TO-DAY, Wednesday, brings the opening, at the Agricultural Hall, of Cruft's annual Dog Show, the biggest doggy event of the year, with the single exception of the Kennel Club's annual show at the Crystal Palace, to be held this year on October 1 and 2. The finest Dogs in the world, with their friends from all parts, will assemble at the Agricultural Hall to-day and to-morrow, and nowhere else will you find better opportunities for first-hand study of the canine community.

Thanks to the *Kennel Gazette*, the ably edited and invaluable official organ of the Kennel Club—there are a score of good reasons why this most interesting monthly journal should be found in every home which is shared by a decent Dog. Its cost is nothing by comparison with its practical value nowadays—we can go to Cruft's to-day, to meet all the canine aristocracy and their human friends, armed with up-to-date knowledge of the community's vital statistics and progress. Which does add enormously, you know, to the interest and value of one's visit.

In England, Wales and Scotland, last year's Dog licences showed an increase of a quarter of a million over the previous year, and, carefully analysed, the figures show that our Dog populace to-day must be over three million strong. Examination of the latest Kennel Club registrations indicates that we have at least a quarter of a million *pucca* pedigree Dogs—entries in Debrett, so to say—which makes it clear that the proportion of the well-bred to the come-by-chance, in Dogdom, is steadily improving. As a fact, it's really rather better than the figures; and that is all to the good for Dogs, and for their human friends and admirers.

When my governor was a boy, folk would turn about in the street to take a second look at an unmistakably pedigree-bred Dog; and before my time's out I hope we shall have reached the stage at which folk will turn round to look at a mongrel. We're tending that way, and it's a jolly good tendency.

In 1910 there were 1,006 Dog Shows in this country, and, last year, 1,026; and in the interim, remember, came Armageddon.

More than 60,000 pedigree pups were bred last year; round about 200 per diem, the year through; aristocrats all.

The total registrations of pedigree Dogs in 1913 were under twenty thousand. Last year they were nearly forty-one thousand. Here are some of the increases, as between 1913 and 1923—despite the War period:—

Cocker Spaniels, 627 to 2,718; Sealyhams, 491 to 2,534; Wire-haired Fox Terriers, 1,422 to 6,091; Greyhounds, 61 to 156; Labradors, 349 to 1,140; Irish Terriers, 591 to 1,141; Pekingese, 1,682 to 3,109; Irish Wolfhounds, 49 to 78; Airedales, 1,169 to 4,456; Irish Setters, 145 to 578; English Springer Spaniels, 90 to 1,122. This is not to mention such fashionable newcomers as Alsatians (zero to 1,635), Kerry Blues (zero to 477), and Borders (zero to 203). That notable little sportsman, the Cairn, has jumped from 191 to 1,006, and the inimitable Dandie (one is delighted to report), 121 to 201.

Decreases—H'm! Well—Poms, 1,865 to 1,273; Great Danes, 410 to 230; Newfoundlands, 55 to 22; St. Bernards, 161 to 78; Mastiffs, 60 to 52; Curly Retrievers, 80 to 46. There has been some decrease, too, in West Highland White, in Field Spaniels, Dachshunds, Collies, Samoyeds, Yorkshire Terriers, King Charles, and a drop in Maltese from 31 to 4.

The analysed character of the two-fold increase since 1913 is almost as wholesome and satisfactory as its magnitude. The Gun-Dogs show a 190 per cent. increase, largely due to Cockers and Labradors; other Sporting Dogs (excluding Terriers) 25 per cent.; the Terriers, almost 200 per cent.; a magnificent record for a purely British production. Non-sporting Dogs, other than "Toys"—unhappy and mistaken designation!—show an increase of 32 per cent., and, thanks entirely to that sportsmanlike prince among little fellows, the Pekingese, the alleged "Toys" show a 10 per cent. increase. (The other breeds in this section have not increased their numbers.)

So that's that; and you'll be able to take these figures with you to assist your studies at Cruft's. They're authentic, and you can verify, and greatly amplify them, by reference to that prime source of all doggy information: *The Kennel Gazette*.

Please note in your engagement books, marked "Must," or "Imp." the dates February 25, 26, and 27. On those dates, it's up to you to visit the Kensington Town Hall. Please take your purse with you, and leave some of its contents there. The occasion is a notable one for all friends of Dogs; a three days Shopping Fair, in aid of the People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals, in which no fewer than 100,000 sick animals belonging to poor folk have been treated, *free*, during the past year. Notable work, this. Gifts of any mortal thing that's saleable should be sent to the chief Dispensary, 14, Clifford St., W.1. Don't forget to visit the Fair, and look, among other things, for authors' autographed copies of doggy and other books, at the bookstall.

THE INIMITABLE DANDIE

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St. Valentine's Day. Valentine, the sweethearts' Saint, has claimed allegiance from time immemorial. According to old custom, the names of equal numbers of both sexes are drawn from a vessel on the eve of "St. Valentine's Day" (February 14th). The lady becomes the "Valentine" of the gallant who draws her name, and this was wont to be regarded as a good omen that they would eventually become man and wife.

It's a wise old custom to take a peg of John Begg!

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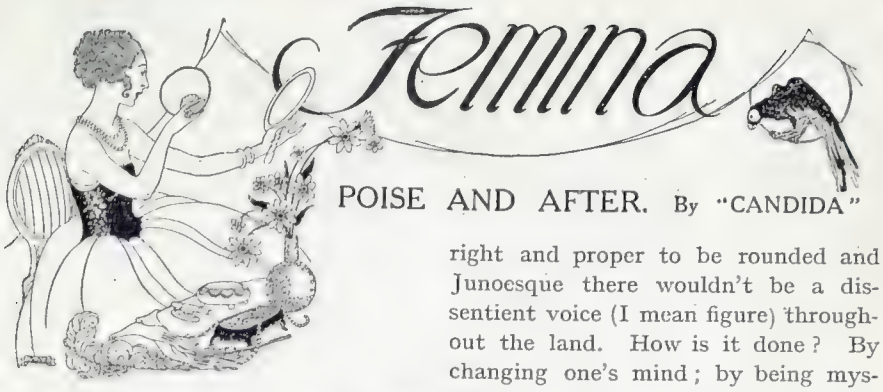


POISE AND AFTER. By "CANDIDA"

"MALE and female created He them," and ever since there's been a masculine and a feminine point of view. "And never the twain shall meet," said the poet apropos something else, but no matter. He'd have said it concerning these also had he thought of it. I'm not embarking on a discussion concerning the quality of the brain, either male or female. Heaven forbid! But one must say something, and life's a pretty dull show just now with winter nearly over and spring not yet begun, and all the best, or at least, the most picturesque people away, and nothing going on at all at all.

IT'S poise, balance and stability that maketh man, and presumably, its exact opposite which produces woman. Ask any man and he'll agree. So do I. But the odd thing about a virtue is that it suffers so badly from the defects of its qualities that it's sometimes worse than a vice which is always mitigated by the qualities of its defects. For instance, there's a poise, stability and all that which comes precious near to—let's call it lack of imagination and be charitable, and there's a — versatility, we'll say — which verges on the picturesque. Or, to come down to the lowbrow and ordinary, is it better never to change one's mind than to be always changing it?

WE'RE supposed to be always at it. Hence the fact that waists are high one day and low the next, and altogether absent the third; which looks as if we changed our figures as well as our views. And we do. Where are the curves considered once upon a time so indispensable to beauty? Vanished off the face of the earth. What a triumph of mind over matter, of art over nature, or, if you like, of will over tissue!

WHAT man is there who's ever proved his dominion over the cubits which he's been told he can't add to his stature? If to-morrow it should suddenly be considered right and proper to be rounded and Junoesque there wouldn't be a dissentient voice (I mean figure) throughout the land. How is it done? By changing one's mind; by being mysteriously fluent, infinitely mercurial, extraordinarily responsive. And if you don't see the connection between all that and the figure that Nature's given us to hang our clothes on, no more do I. But I feel sure that it must be there somewhere.

OF course, I know that the foundations of the world were laid on the stability of man, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. But foundations aren't exactly lively, are they? With him—man, I mean—you know exactly where you are and are not. In fact, the more he's stable the less do things progress. It's only when woman takes her rôle seriously that the world begins to wake up a bit. To wit, the enormous changes of the last twenty years or so. What has not happened? What is not likely to go on happening? Impossible to say now that the women are beginning to leaven the lump of what used to be such a stodgy pudding of a world, a world which took years and years to prove anything, or to arrive at any conclusion. And as for doing things. . . . Whereas now we go on rushing from change to change, and the only hope I can see for the poised, the stable and the balanced ones is "to grasp," if they can, "this sorry scheme of things entire" and to remodel it by arranging for an excess of men in the population. But it's not likely to happen just yet, considering in what enormous numbers we women exceed, and go on increasingly exceeding, that defenceless creature, man. Nobody's mentioned the connection between that event and the way things happen. When they do notice it we'll be swamped with literature on the "feminine peril," with hair-raising stuff that will make people wonder how it is we still manage to live ordinary laborious days, in which we get up and have breakfast and go to the office just as usual.

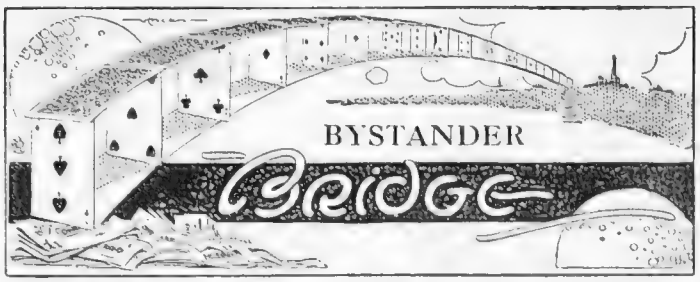
A MALTA WEDDING

Captain W. E. Colin Pickthall, R.A.O.C., and his bride Ellen, the daughter of Commander and Mrs. Frank Pierce, leaving Maddalena Church, Valletta, after their marriage

IN WAGNERIAN RÔLES AT THE OLD VIC.

Miss Nora Delmarr, who is singing the leading soprano parts in Lohengrin and Tannhauser at the Old Vic. It will be remembered that she made a great hit as Isolde at this theatre last year. Miss Delmarr appeared in Wagnerian operas at the Volksteater in Vienna and in Italian opera at Naples, before the War

I HOPE I've proved that the qualities of our defects are nothing if not stirring, and that it's the best thing in the world, though not the pleasantest, to be stirred up now and then. As a sentimental person once said (or, rather, didn't say, though he ought to have said it), "The hand that rules the cradle rocks the world."



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE

STAYING at Monte I must admit that I find it rather difficult to concentrate on Auction Bridge. There is plenty to be had at the hotels and villas, and also in the afternoons at the Sporting Club, where Frenchmen and Belgians and a few Englishmen play Contract for low stakes. But I did not come out here for Bridge, and I resolutely refuse to play. A change of games is good for every card player, and just now my game is Trente-et-Quarante.

. . . . . .

"Don't you find it far more exciting than Bridge?" asked a friend, whom I met at the Sporting Club. I was amazed at the query. Could any one who really loves cards for themselves alone find Trente-et-Quarante more exciting than Bridge? Only the gambler who does not mind much what game he plays so long as he can get a quick thrill out of it could institute any comparison. If you gamble for gambling's sake, Trente-et-Quarante is, I hold, as good a game as any other. I prefer it to Roulette because I am more at home with cards than with the mechanical wheel. There is less to distract you at Trente-et-Quarante than at Roulette, and if you play carefully, you are less likely to lose large sums of money.

. . . . . .

Of course, you may say that playing Trente-et-Quarante is just the same as playing even money chances at Roulette. The Refait (when both lines come to thirty-one, and all stakes go into prison) must, it is supposed, give the Bank the same advantage as Zero at Roulette. But this I believe to be a fallacy. I admit I cannot calculate the actual percentage in favour of the Bank at Trente-et-Quarante, but I am certain it is less than at Roulette. I have been told on good authority that the Casino makes less money at Trente-et-Quarante than at either Roulette or Chemin-de-Fer, and this in spite of the fact that most of the big gamblers play it.

. . . . . .

The truth is that if you have a long purse, plenty of pluck, and a card memory you have a very good chance of winning if you are not too greedy. There is an element of skill in the game. But whereas skill at Bridge counts from ten to twenty per cent., I should not reckon skill at Trente-et-Quarante as worth more than one or two per cent.

. . . . . .

It is astonishing how many players at the game have no idea of it at all. They plant down their counters and wait to see what the *croupier* does with them. Many people do not know that the first line is dealt for Black and the second for Red, and as to Couleur and Inverse they are sealed mysteries to them. Couleur is simply this: If the colour of the first card in the first row is the same as the winning side of the table, Couleur wins. If the colour of the first card in the first row is not the same as the winning side of the table Inverse wins. I have a fancy for playing Inverse, but, of course, the chances are just the same as for Black and Red.

. . . . . .

As for the element of skill, the advice of the Hon. Victor Bethell, who probably knows as much about the game as any living man, is that the player should carefully watch the cards as they fall from the commencement of a deal, and only play when something abnormal occurs. He must keep a mental record of either all the cards over 7 or all under 7, and draw his conclusions therefrom. For example, the cards are cut and the deal commences:

Black line: K, 10, Q, 9=39.
Red line: K, J, 8, 7=35.
Rouge gagne.

. . . . . .

The player now says to himself, "As seven cards all over 7 have appeared, and none under 7, a lot of small cards are due. It is, therefore, good to back Black for the next coup."

The small cards will probably appear, and you may find something like this:

Black line: 6, 4, 5, 1, 10, 3, 2=31.
Red line: 8, 7, Q, 1, 9=35.
Rouge perd.

After that, the balance being re-established, you would look on for one or two coups, watching for another opportunity to play. If you have a good Bridge or Bézique memory you can probably do all this mentally, and while nothing is *certain* at the tables, you, at least, give yourself a better chance of winning than does the player who plunks down his money indiscriminately, or who plays only for a long run on one particular colour.

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The potential wealth which has passed over the threshold of No. 15 is too enormous to compute; since it was founded just after the Fire of London the house has always been in high favour with London's merchant princes. To-day many of our foremost financiers, bankers and city magnates turn into Birch's to discuss matters over light lunch or refreshment. Such men are rare judges of quality and value, and, as might be expected, that incomparable whisky the *original* John Haig is their considered choice when occasion demands the best.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WHAT Mr. L. G. Mainland does not know about the Zoo cannot be worth knowing. He seems to be *persona grata* with both the beasts and (even more important) their keepers. You imagine him stealing in after hours, and holding a sort of court, with walruses and monkeys and a lion or two and the kinkajou in attendance. You might not think it, but all sorts of dramatic affairs happen in Regent's Park, and if you want to be given details, you should read Mr. Mainland's book, *Secrets of the Zoo* (Partridge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Here are stories of fights and escapes and friendships and photographers. This, I believe, is the first time that Mr. Mainland has written a book, although his short articles must be widely known: it may be accounted one of the jolliest books of the kind ever written, and calls loudly for a sequel.

MR. COLLINSON OWEN'S new novel, *The Rockingham Diamond* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a book which will amuse you. It is not only a tale of thrills, but contains a pretty little comedy of an original kind. The diamond in question is about the size of a plover's egg, and it is left with a very large fortune to a fashionable young man about town—on the condition that it shall be worn in his shirt front whenever he puts on evening dress. You can imagine that the owner is not too upset when the diamond is stolen, but, unfortunately for him, it is returned. His quiet peaceful life, moreover, is rendered a burden to him by the arrival of reporters and detectives, and matters become worse when the girl he loves appears to be in league with a new kind of Raffles. The whole story is told in the most delightful way, and provides very good entertainment.

MISS LORRAINE SANDOW

Whose engagement to Mr. J. Douglas Brown, of Kirkcudbright, has been announced. She is the younger daughter of Mr. Eugen Sandow, who holds the post of Instructor of Physical Culture to His Majesty the King

TWO volumes of theatrical reminiscences lie on my table—of a very different nature. Miss Eva Moore's *Exits and Entrances* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net) is in the main autobiographical, a simple story of well-deserved success, with a number of kindly vignettes of colleagues, a stock of new stories, and a moving appreciation of her husband, the late Harry Esmond. Mr. James Jupp's *The Gaiety Stage Door* (Cape: 16*s.* net) is more or less what you expect it to be, racy and amusing. As the door-keeper himself he was forced on more than one occasion to be tyrannical, but seems to have done a rather difficult job very well. There is much of George Edwardes and the various beauties who have reigned in the theatre, and a few stories which are new.

R. S.

THE House of Cassell has just published a new volume of their uniform cheap edition (3*s.* 6*d.* net) of the works of Sheila Kaye-Smith. It is one of her early books, *Three Against the World*, which was first published in 1914. Another one of the same series, *Isle of Thorns*, was published last month. This edition, which is well printed and attractively bound, is making a wide appeal to Miss Kaye-Smith's public, and is a great boon to all lovers of this clever author's work.

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The one-piece hood and the roomy entrances are features of the 14-40 Vauxhall 'Welbeck' all-weather

£745 complete

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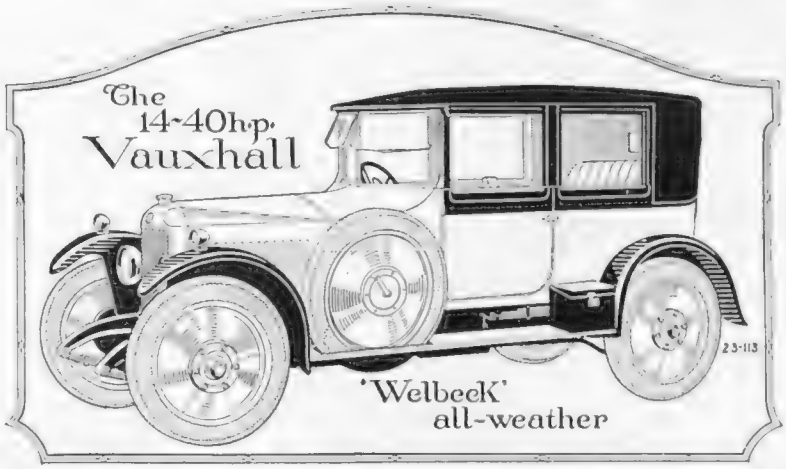

VAUXHALL all-weather bodies enjoy the vogue they do because of their comfortableness and convenience.

It is very easy to get to the rear seats of the 'Welbeck,' as there are two wide doors (24½ inches), and the front seats can be moved out of the way with the tips of one's fingers. Entrance to the front seats, from either side, is equally agreeable.

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The 'Welbeck' is a *genuine* all-weather, coach-built and of rigid construction throughout; as such it is a 'closed car that can be opened': the ideal motor carriage of its horse-power fulfilling the double purpose of a closed car and a fully open one. Price complete—£745.

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Shade of John Halifax: "Why? What are you?"

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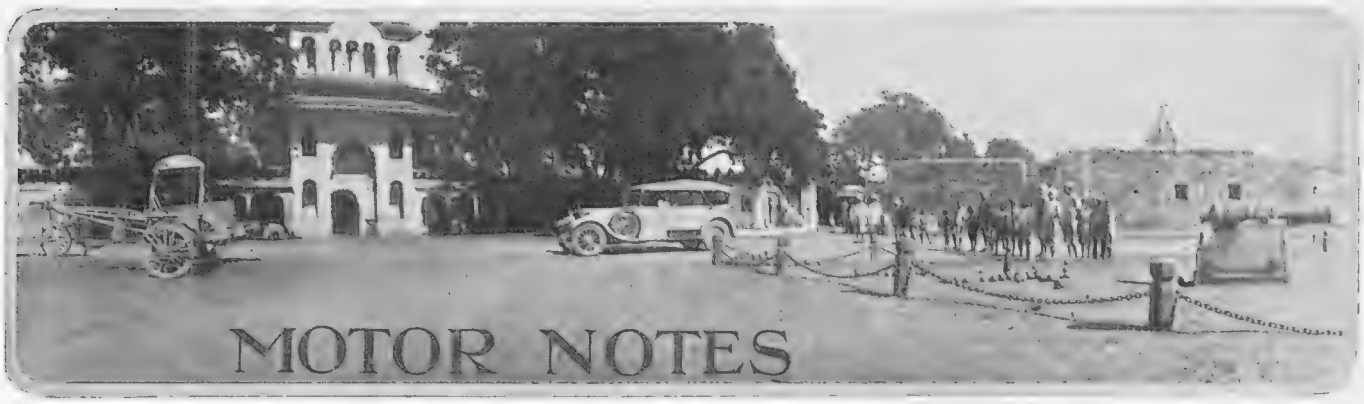


THE VILLAGE "GREEN"—INDIAN STYLE

A picturesque view of the Square at Dholpur, on the road to Delhi. The spires of a Hindoo temple are just visible above the barrack-like building on the right. The native cart on the left makes an interesting contrast to the 40/50 six-cylinder Napier—apparently East and West *do* meet sometimes

PETROL prices are "up" as the distributing companies' road signs are "down." Is it not a funny coincidence? I suppose that sacrificing all those open spaces which the fuel firms had contracted to hire for certain periods costs a lot of money, so, as motorists objected rightly to the disfigurement of the countryside by blatant advertisements, the companies mutually agreed to take them down and to put the price of petrol up to balance matters. Anyway, let us hope all the petrol distributing companies will really abide by their own decision to abolish their huge road-signs and not re-erect them in other spots, as some of them appear to be doing. Anyway, our friends have imported 327,233,670 gallons of petrol in 1923, valued at £15,827,394, which is, roughly, £5,000,000 less cash for 10,000,000 gallons more fuel imported than in 1922, so shareholders in oil companies will welcome the upward trend of prices, whatever motorists may think about it. These figures, of course, do not include the Anglo-Persian crude oil that is imported and refined at Swansea. Which is no small lot, either, as about a month ago (January 14) nine of their tankers delivered to these refineries 22,540,860 gallons of Persian crude—a record shipment.

* * *

MY friend, Mr. J. K. Starley, managing director of the Rover Company, Ltd., has written to me stating that "We are just completing the purchase of a further few thousand sets of our 8 h.p. Rover car, and the prices are so far against us that from the beginning of April next we are, unfortunately, compelled to raise the price from £145 to £160 for the two and four seater 8 h.p. Rover cars. At the beginning part of our financial year, *i.e.*, August last, we anticipated that our purchases and commitments would see us practically through this year without any increase in price, but the demand has so greatly exceeded expectations that we are having to order further supplies, with the above result." So it will be seen that car prices are, like petrol, on the upward course. My latest advices from the U.S.A. are to the effect that car rates and values are rising there. It would seem as if motorists had better buy such cars as they need quickly before "they cost you more," to quote the anti-protectionist canvasser.

* * *

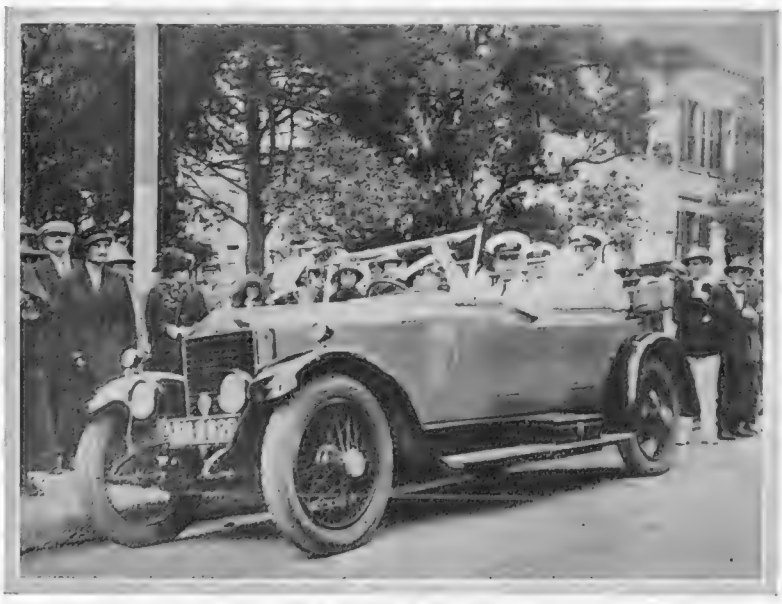
LOOKING round the motor industry at the Glasgow Show recently I came to the conclusion that the retailers had the best of the deal, and were the only men who had made real money. Now I hear that two famous dealers are amalgamating, namely, George Heath, Ltd., of Birmingham, and Rootes, Ltd., of Maidstone, London, Dorking, etc. Both these firms are wholesalers as well as retailers, supplying small dealers as well as the public with cars, so it is easily understood that the combined business can buy in larger quantities, and, therefore, get an extra discount, so have a better chance to give a full service to all their customers. And "service" is the leading feature in Billy Rootes' business. But this, I fancy, is but the beginning of the big car distributing firms, just as petrol is served out by the four or five big organisations. The British Motor Trading Corporation, Ltd., really struck a bright idea on these lines, but other complications somewhat smothered their original intentions, though they are coming back to them slowly at the present time. Six or eight big distributing car firms, working with the three or four tyre companies and the four big petrol organisations, could be a power in the land of motors and make profits.

* * *

SIR HERBERT AUSTIN does not believe in writers on motoring. At the Callander Hydropathic on the Scottish Show Sunday he said that they always have an order form for an advertisement lurking in their pockets to thrust at him. Of course, this was a frightful libel on the poor journalist, but it only shows how little the leading men in the motor trade really know about newswriters. Now Sir Herbert is trying to persuade the motoring world that he wishes to see a combination of British motor manufacturers build cars for export. I suppose if I said I see the desire for an order for Austin cars lurking out of Sir Herbert's pocket in his remarks he would be offended. Yet the present total output of British motor factories is less than 100,000 cars per annum, of which, perhaps, the Austin factory produces between 4,000 and 5,000 cars per annum. If a number of British makers would combine and make a standard design British car and call it "the British motor-carriage," give it a 4 ft. 8 in. wheel-track, a 12 ft. wheelbase, a big roomy five-seven seated body, and sell it for about £400, fully equipped with straight-sided tyres and front-wheel brakes, these British factories might capture a portion of the U.S.A. export business of 189,884 cars and the 101,400 U.S.A. cars assembled from exported parts outside the United States. But these figures are the total limit of possible sales, so there is no room for "big production" talk in umpteen millions in England as they do in the U.S.A.

* * *

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD., announce that Mr. Arthur McCormack has resigned his position as a director of the company. The business of the company in Birmingham is now managed by Mr. Bernard Caillard and Mr. Alexis Jacob, directors of the company. The services of Mr. F. W. Lanchester, Hon. LL.D., F.R.S., M.I.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., M.I.A.E., have been secured as consulting engineer, with the view of collaborating with Mr. E. Reeve, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.A.E., M.S.A.E., the company's technical manager. Mr. Lanchester has accepted this appointment in addition to his work as consulting engineer to the Daimler Company and elsewhere, and it is considered that his great experience, which is probably unique, and extends over a quarter of a century, will be of the greatest benefit to the company. OLD HY.



AFTER CHURCH PARADE

Admiral Sir Hubert Brand and some of the officers of H.M.S. "Hood" outside St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, during the Empire cruise of the Special Cruiser Squadron. The 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce is a very important part of the Hood's equipment

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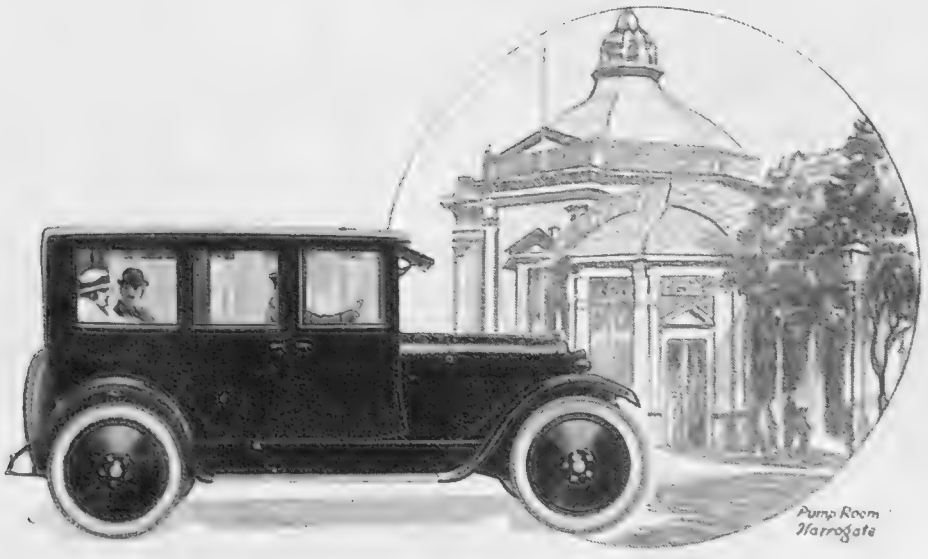

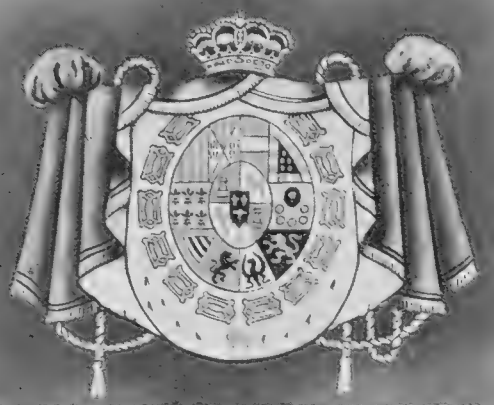

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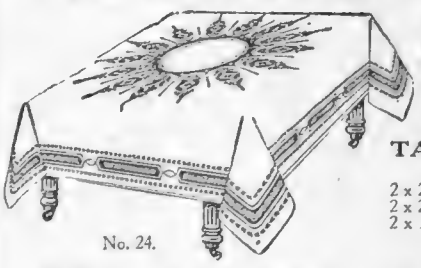

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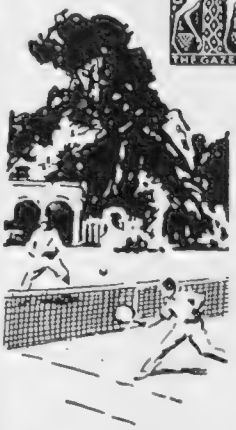

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OXON & GLOUCESTER.
(BORDERS).

Just south of the Cotswold, in a beautiful district near Lechlade and Burford.

TO BE SOLD, a pretty old Oxford stone built FARMHOUSE, containing 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dairy used as kitchen, larder, &c.

Fine old barn and other useful outbuildings.

The area extends to about 5½ ACRES, and includes small front garden, kitchen garden, and good meadowland with pond.

The property is now run as a poultry farm, and is available with or without the stock and appliances.

Inspected and recommended.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (B.38741)

SOUTH DEVON COAST.
South aspect. On high ground. Magnificent sea views. 2 miles from Seaton.

MOST ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE, built of stone in the Tudor Style: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathrooms, excellent offices.

UNUSUALLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1½ ACRES.

Croquet lawn, productive kitchen garden, etc.

COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS.

Further details of the Agents,

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OXFORDSHIRE HILLS.
22 ACRES. IDEAL SITUATION.

TO BE SOLD, a beautifully placed modern GEORGIAN STYLE HOUSE, on high ground, 2½ miles Henley Station. Approached by long drive, and centrally placed in 22 ACRES: 7 bedrooms, hall, and 2 reception rooms, loggia, 2 bathrooms and every convenience, including servants' sitting room, hot water from independent boiler and lavatory basins to bedrooms. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage; 2 excellent cottages; tiled barn and outbuildings.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT GARDENS with full-size tennis lawn, rose garden, etc., delightful piece of woodland and excellent grass, in all about 22 ACRES. Close to golf.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (B.32734)

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FREEHOLD RESIDENCE.

"MIDHURST," FORTIS GREEN, MUSWELL HILL.—320 ft. above sea level: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and complete offices.

GARDENS OF GREAT BEAUTY, gravelled terrace, random stone paving, etc.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

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HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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In a high and healthy position.
40 MINUTES FROM CITY.

FOR SALE, AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, erected from the designs of an eminent Architect. Southern aspect: lounge hall, 2 reception, billiard, 8 beds, 2 baths.

Garage and useful outbuildings.

COMPANY'S WATER, ACETYLENE GAS, MAIN DRAINAGE, TELEPHONE.

WELL-DISPLAYED GROUNDS of about 1½ ACRES. Tennis lawn; 18-hole putting course, kitchen garden, etc.

Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents,

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HASLEMERE.
In glorious Pine and Heather Country.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, this interesting XVTH CENTURY COTTAGE RESIDENCE of very charming character, together with

OLD-WORLD GARDENS OF 2¼ ACRES.

It contains: 3 good reception, 8 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, dressing room and ample offices, with maids' sitting room.

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An artistic and perfectly unique little Property in excellent order, ready for occupation.

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A GENUINE OPPORTUNITY. SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

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EXCEPTIONAL RESIDENCE. Close to famous golf links. 450 ft. up. MODERATE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE: entrance and lounge halls, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

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DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, including tennis and other lawns, herbaceous and flower borders, rockeries, and productive kitchen garden, with fruit trees, in all about 2½ ACRES.

Sole Agents,
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BUCKS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE, IN ELIZABETHAN STYLE, well-built with hollow walls, half-timbered, and tiled roof: panelled sitting hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms.

CO.'S WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT, MODERN DRAINAGE, TELEPHONE.

PICTURESQUE AND INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, including pine woods, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, in all about 4 ACRES.

Garage and chauffeur's cottage.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £6,000.

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Splendid Views. Ideal Situation. Golf. Hunting.

CHARMING FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, about 350 ft. above sea, commanding extensive views of country and sea, facing South: hall, 3 reception, billiard room or lounge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and offices.

GAS AND TOWN WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE.

Garage, stabling, coachhouse, cottage, outbuildings.

WELL-MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS, sloping away from the residence, and including tennis and croquet lawns, flower beds and borders, kitchen garden and paddock, in all about 7 ACRES.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £5,500.

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—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

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ST. SAVIOUR'S.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR 2 YEARS OR LONGER.—Really choice, well-furnished OLD HOUSE, modernised, in excellent order, occupying a delightful position, and standing in matured grounds of 2 ACRES: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 4 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 2 servants' rooms, bathroom.

GAS. PLENTIFUL WATER SUPPLY.

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Tennis lawn, kitchen, flower and fruit gardens, greenhouse and summer house.

RENT 350 GNS. PER ANNUM.

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VERY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a really delightful position close to station, post office, shops, etc., and within ½ an hour of town: hall, 3 reception, billiard room, ballroom, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and complete offices.

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CENTRAL HEATING.

DELIGHTFULLY MATURED GROUNDS, including tennis and ornamental lawns, rock garden, etc., in all about ¼ an ACRE.

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400 ft. up. Near Golf Links. 40 minutes by rail from Town.

CAPITAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE in a favourite district, containing: 4 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 reception, study and offices.

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IDEAL GOLFING FACILITIES.

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FREEHOLD GEORGIAN MANOR RESIDENCE OF SINGULAR CHARM AND CHARACTER, in a perfect state of upkeep and well equipped with modern requirements: lounge hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light; stabling; telephone; garage; good water supply; cottage; picturesque old-world gardens, delightfully matured, the whole surrounded by beautifully timbered parkland; in all 42 ACRES.—For price and illustrated particulars apply to the Sole Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.

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Between Ascot and Windsor; 24 miles from London.

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Extremely well-wooded gardens and grounds, together with several valuable paddocks; in all about 19 ACRES.

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A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN COTTAGE-TYPE RESIDENCE, occupying a superb position in the notoriously beautiful district of Haslemere, 500 ft. above sea level, on light dry soil. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

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£3,500. **SURREY,** Woking.—MODERN HOUSE, well designed. 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; company's water; main drainage; garage; gardens of 2 acres.—DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.1. (2555)

£3,700. **SURREY,** Oxshott.—Charming and well-built HOUSE containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; main water; telephone: garage; garden of 1 acre.—DUNCAN B GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.1. (2332)

£3,000. **SUSSEX,** near the Surrey border. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; garage and buildings; 3¼ acres of land.—DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.1. (2431)

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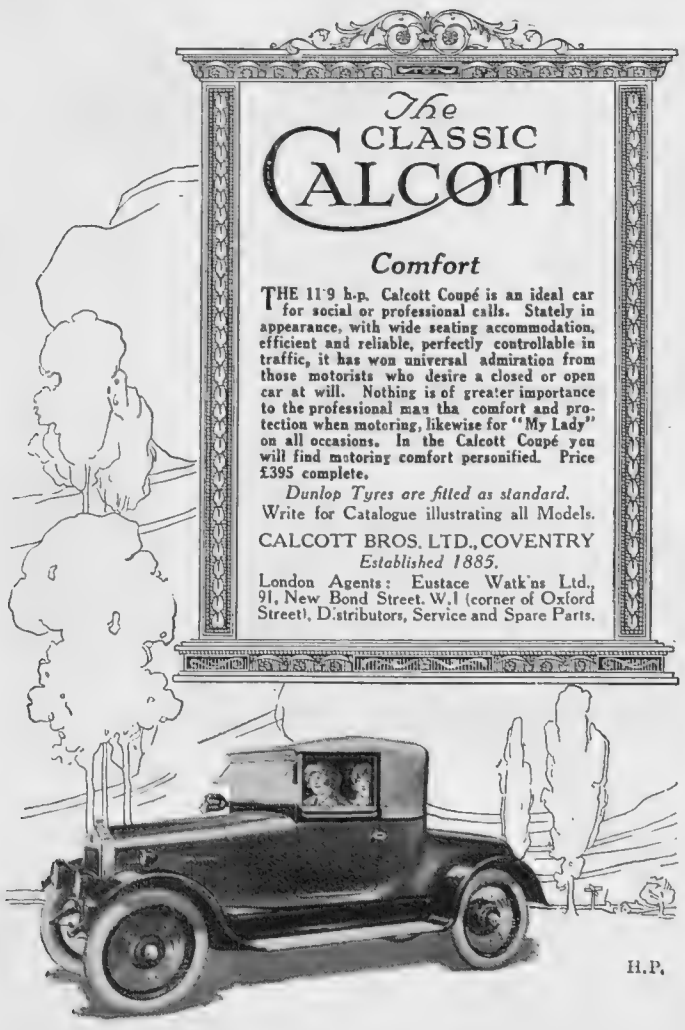

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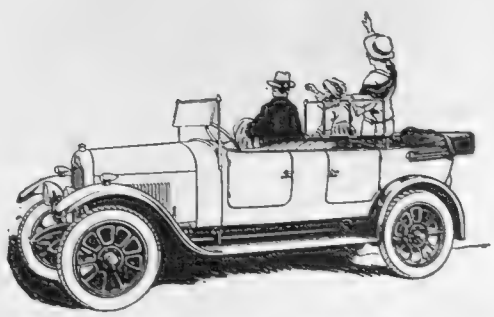
Crossley 14 h.p. {R.A.C. Rating 15.6}
from £395

NOT a light car masquerading as a medium-powered car, but a sound upstanding production, able to go anywhere a car can go and without fuss or labour. Easily attains over 50 m.p.h., climbs any ordinary hill on top, petrol consumption from 28 m.p.g. upwards.



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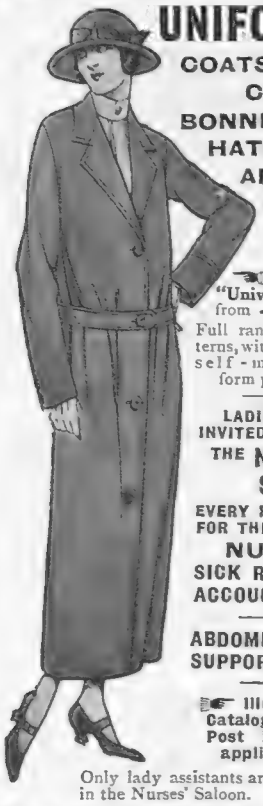
GARROULDS

FOR ALL KINDS OF

NURSES' UNIFORMS



COATS,
CLOAKS,
BONNETS,
HATS (STRAW & FELT)
APRONS,
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Etc.

The "University" Coat from - - 42/-
Full range of patterns, with prices and self-measurement form post free.

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EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE NURSERY SICK ROOM and ACCOUCHEMENT

ABDOMINAL and SUPPORT BELTS

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Only lady assistants are employed in the Nurses' Saloon.

E. & R. GARROULD,
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A TOOTH paid for discarded False Teeth (Old only wanted). Metal plates extra. High prices paid for disused jewellery in any condition. B. W. Dembo, 7, The Mall, Bristol.

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CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW.
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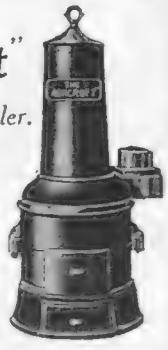

This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 19 0
,, 2	12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£3 17 4
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£4 12 8
,, 4	16in. x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
,, 5	16in. x 18in.	160ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£9 11 0
,, 6	16in. x 24in.	200ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£11 19 0
,, 7	16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in	5in.	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 1 Boiler,	11	x 11	x 8	No. 1 Boiler,	20	x 20	x 10
,, 2 ,,	11	x 16	x 8	,, 2 ,,	25	x 25	x 10
,, 3 ,,	11	x 21	x 8	,, 3 ,,	28	x 28	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD
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Branch Offices: Brook House 10-12, Walbrook, LONDON, E.C. / Grosvenor Bldgs, Deansgate, MANCHESTER / 50a, Lord Street, W. - - LIVERPOOL / Moorhead - - - - - SHEFFIELD

The fragrance that has captivated Paris.

LE JADE *Perfume*

Le Jade—the latest Parisian success of Roger & Gallet—reproduces the very soul of flowers and perpetuates the glorious charm of the gardens of Old France. Make the fragrance of its magical sweetness your very own and carry it throughout your entire toilet series. Obtainable from all high-class Parfumeurs and now being demonstrated in the Perfumery Salons of Leading Houses.

Perfume 8/3, Powder 2/6, Soap 7/6, Sachet 1/-

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If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.
Buy a tin to-day at your chemists.
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Write to-day for free Booklet—
The Henna Cult of Hair Beauty.
EVAN WILLIAMS CO., LTD.,
Dept. B. 14, Union St., London, W.1
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.
HENNA SHAMPOO

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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Masters the Hair

ANZORA keeps the hair neat and tidy all day. ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
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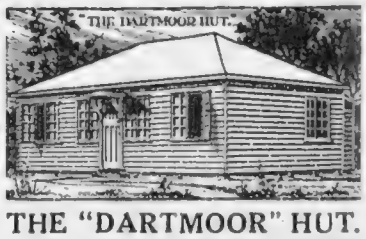

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JUST *THE* HOUSE YOU WANT
A supreme production, well built, artistic, durable, and made with extreme care from best materials.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
Exquisitely modelled in six sizes to meet all requirements The building may be seen erected at our works and inspected at any time during working hours.

Let us give you full particulars.

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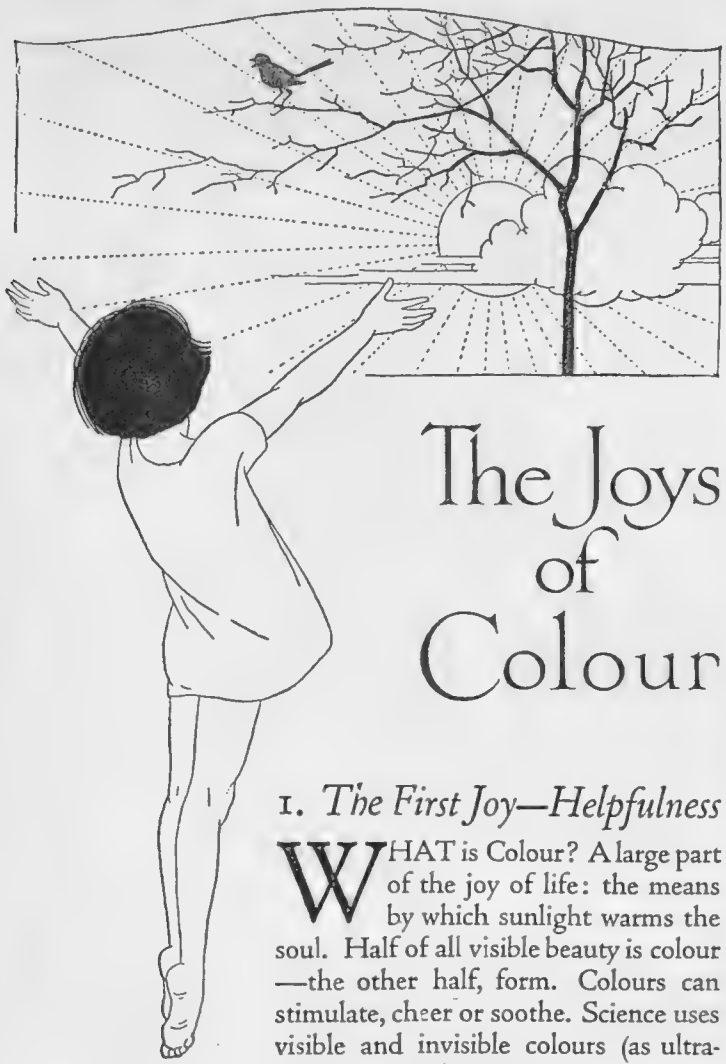

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WHAT is Colour? A large part of the joy of life: the means by which sunlight warms the soul. Half of all visible beauty is colour—the other half, form. Colours can stimulate, cheer or soothe. Science uses visible and invisible colours (as ultra-violet rays) in the service of health. Not vanity, then, but an unconscious sense of their helpfulness makes us wear colours, shown and unshown, and it is a wise instinct that makes ladies delight in the 26 lovely shades of Tamborina, *"the Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie,"* which a Manchester House of 176 years' reputation named after the chief work of a master-colourist, Adam Buck, contemporaneous with its own foundation. Tamborina Lawn, 42 inches wide, has delicate half-tints for coloured lingerie and stronger shades for washing-frocks, blouses and overalls. Fancy aprons, underwear, nightdresses and children's washing-frocks, may be made of softer and more delicate Tamborina Nainsook (40 inches wide) in 17 shades.

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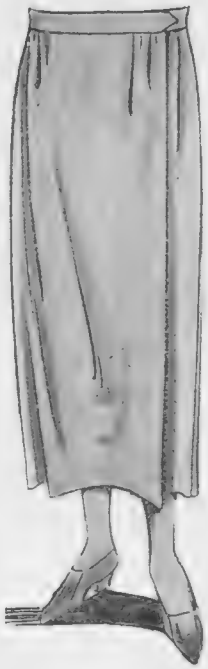

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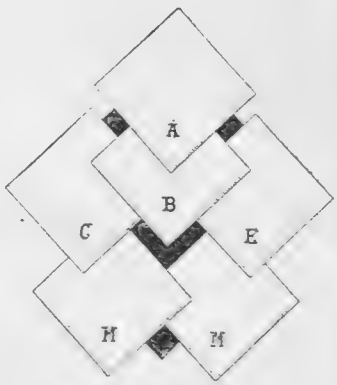
"CARA"

A perfectly tailored wrap-over Skirt in fine light brown hopsack. Made in our own work-rooms. Price **29/6**

Also in fine cream cloth **29/6**

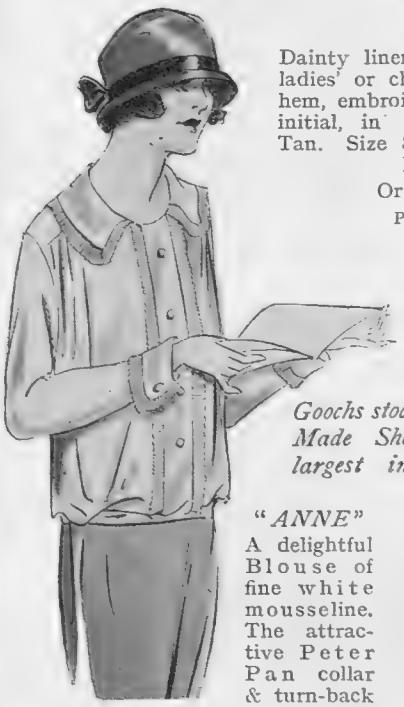
Any other shades to order.



Dainty linen glove Handkerchiefs for ladies' or children's use. Hand-rolled hem, embroidered white and coloured initial, in Blue, Pink, Mauve, and Tan. Size 8 ins. by 8 ins. Price per dozen **11/6**

Or six in box, **5/9**

Postage 3d. extra.



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A delightful Blouse of fine white mousseline. The attractive Peter Pan collar & turn-back cuffs, with their finely pleated frills to correspond with the front, give a charming finish to a plain tailor-made blouse. Price **16/6**

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Also in ivory crêpe de Chine, **49/6**

Pure Silk Stockings, superior quality with lisle soles and tops; fully fashioned. In Champagne, Silver, Beige, Grey, Coating, Nigger, Boot Brown, Black, and White. Sizes 9 ins., 9½ ins., 10 ins. Price **9/11**

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ESTABLISHED 1833.

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Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

Authorised Capital	**£60,000,000**
Subscribed Capital	**£43,447,080**
Paid-up Capital	**£9,309,416**
Reserve Fund	**£9,000,000**

Directors.

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, *31st December, 1923.*

	£	s.	d.
Paid-up Capital	9,309,416	0	0
Reserve Fund	9,000,000	0	0
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including rebate on Bills not due, provisions for bad and doubtful debts, pension fund, contingencies, &c.	263,786,055	7	7
Acceptances, Endorsements, &c.	10,708,227	14	0
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	933,754	15	2
	£293,737,453	16	9

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand, at Call and Short Notice				56,679,117	2	6
Bills Discounted, including Treasury Bills				40,843,930	11	10
INVESTMENTS —						
British Government Securities	40,027,849	15	5			
Other Securities	14,161,082	7	6			
				54,188,932	2	11
Loans, &c.				127,074,515	2	3
Bank Premises				4,242,731	3	3
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, &c., as per Contra				10,708,227	14	0
				£293,737,453	16	9

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B162. Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths. A Super Quality which will give satisfaction. Design: Oak and Ornament or Lily and Ornament and Thistle, 2 x 2 yds., **26/6** each; 2 x 2½ yds., **33/-** each; 2 x 3 yds., **39/6** each.

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B163. Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths. Design: Olive or Early English Scroll, 2 x 2 yds., **26/6** each; 2 x 2½ yds., **33/-** each; 2 x 3 yds., **39/6** each; 2 x 3½ yds., **46/-** each.

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B164. Linen Double Damask Table Napkins. Will wash and wear well, in designs to match above Table Cloths, 22 x 22 ins., 6 for **14/9**; 24 x 24 ins., 6 for **17/3.**

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

What Are We Going to do About It?

It's the question of very short skirts that is cropping up again. Just to cover the knees, is one report, which is really rather terrifying. The other day, in a contemporary, there was an amusing description of dresses seen at a famous and acceptedly correct night club, which included praise for one that was short and full. In the writer's eyes—was it a man?—this seemed to be the acme of perfection for dancing, and yet, according to all the canons of good taste, a full skirt must necessarily be long.

For day wear, I grant you, let us be reasonable as to length and width, without going to extremes in either. The Mrs. Noah type of wrap-coat, so much worn recently, has probably had its day, but these wrap-coats are bound to give way in any case now before the more seasonable coat and skirt or coat frock, and for the former, loose soft-woven woollens, resembling hand-knitting, are among the best favoured materials, many whereof keep up the pretence in marle mixtures. Naturally the coats are of the *negligée* rather than the fitted order, and a large number are belted, suits that are accompanied by veritable little skull-caps of hats, intensely severe and simple.

FOR THE TENNIS COURT

An attractive and practical tennis frock fashioned by Elizabeth of South Molton Street. Of white washing silk, the skirt has an inserted front of small flat pleats allowing for ease and free movement

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Some Spring Millinery Modes

There is very little chance for many weeks yet of anything approaching large hats making a bid for favour, although some are being exploited down south. After all, the small *chapeau*, in addition to being so delightfully comfortable, and really the only wear so long as furs are in, is quite extraordinarily becoming to most people, the more so as it is now frequently accorded a certain width across the front, a concession that will be welcomed by broad faces. To achieve this there is being used a good deal of very stiff, wide corded ribbon, rather reminiscent of Petersham; this, carried in a straight line across the front of small marocain, duvetyn, and satin shapes, caught either side in a few slight folds, the ends standing out beyond, is a particularly successful movement. One in henna brown is to be seen accompanying black and navy gowns and suits, and when the summer is with us it will in all probability be crowning white attire.

Both the tricorne and beret are fighting for recognition, the former more easily recognisable than the other, as it is strictly a matter of line; whereas the beret is glorified, less severe than hitherto, and often mounted on a very narrow stiffened under-brim to give it form and render it easier of adjustment. Illustrated is a little hat of the helmet type, effected in Egyptian blue ribbon, trimmed green silk peonies. The larger and more ceremonial model for the Riviera, or later months, is of ochre-coloured lace, the brim bound and the crown decorated with a design of parti-coloured varnished kid.

TWO BECOMING HATS

The large hat seen above is of ochre-coloured lace decorated with a design in vari-coloured varnished kid. The brim is bound with kid, which forms a loop on one side. The smaller hat of helmet type is of Egyptian blue ribbon trimmed with green silk peonies

Original designs by "Beta"

For Sports and Tennis in Particular

As variety is the spice of life, so is originality the spice of dress, though it is only given to the few to embody this in such a limited scope as is offered by a tennis frock, according to latter-day edicts. The essentials in relation to this are so stringent, that only a genius like Elizabeth, South Molton Street, is able to invest it with a touch and character out of the ordinary, without interfering with the practical side.

This feat she has unquestionably achieved in the model our artist has sketched, a frock as suitable to a strenuous game as it is dainty and effective in appearance. Fashioned of white washing silk, it is the epitome of coolness, the skirt having an inserted front of small, flat pleats, which allow of perfect ease and free movement. Conforming to the decree for a shallow, square-cut neck, Elizabeth introduces a small free sleeve with a tiny under one, that, while fitting close, does not in the least hamper the arm movement. She is making the same model up in white crepe, and to wear with either there are some delightful feather-weight straw hats, with the brim swept up in front, trimmed with *motifs* of coloured bass.

Those who have a heavy season of tennis before them are strongly advised to place their orders at South Molton Street as early as possible, as last season Elizabeth had the greatest difficulty in keeping her supply up to the demand. For 3½ guineas there are the sweetest tennis frocks of white cotton crepe, bound with a colour, others of white canvas, carrying touches of old-world wool embroidery, and quaint pointed jelly-bag pockets. For wearing with pleated crepe de Chine skirts are some fascinating French wool canvas jumpers, worked with a design in cross-stitch in tastefully chosen colours, and for slipping on after a heated game, a real novelty

hip-length coat of hand-knitted wool, with border collar and cuffs done in moss stitch.

Only Threepence

PUBLISHED quarterly, and replete with interesting matter, is the *Needlewoman*. The current issue includes "Embroideries: Old and New," by Laura E. Start, mainly in connection with embroidered work-boxes, receptacles that are traced back to the pre-Christian era. The Elizabethan period was apparently particularly prolific, a case in point being described as embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots. Collectors will find much to arrest them in the illustrations given of authentic old boxes. In fact, the whole article will probably open up quite a fresh field for those who go in for antiques. Other illustrations show the many and various uses in the way of embroidery to which the well-known Anchor flax can be put. A Roman striped jumper, for example, is made of crêpe voile, patterned with soft brushed bands of Anchor Velvino. Accompanying these pictures are the most lucid working descriptions; other instructions showing jumpers and little coats knitted or crocheted in Clark's Scintilla and their Anchor stranded shaded cotton. Altogether an absorbing brochure to those loving needlecraft.

Sporty Coats for the Early Spring Races

THE dressing at these first and rather informal meetings is essentially simple and tailor-made, and women who know their racing world well invariably have a smart manish wrap-coat in reserve, than which nothing looks better or more appropriate when built of a rather bold plaid in carefully chosen colours, or a non-committal self shade for the exterior with a woven check or plaid inside is smart. The collars are usually generous turn-over affairs that look equally well muffled cosily round the throat or thrown back. A little frock can be worn beneath, slim and not too long of skirt, a hand-made hat of duvetyn, one side pulled down by a cluster of gay-coloured quills, adding the final touch of *chic* to this eminently practical attire.

We have touched the limit, so say the leading bootmakers, of the low, flat heel. These authorities are all for a medium height, just slightly sloped or curved. The latter will not have quite the distinction of either the low heel, not yet the Louis; but, on the other hand, they are comfortable to walk in, which very high heels are not, and also lend a certain shapeliness to the foot that is entirely lacking in a flat heel; while a more sorry spectacle one does not wish to see than coloured kid shoes worn in dirty mud-splashed streets. They are a complete anachronism

(*Continued on page x*)

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

AS IT IS IN "LILAC TIME"

A charming tableau in the successful musical play "Lilac Time," at the Lyric Theatre. Miss Clara Butterworth (left) as Lili Veit, Percy Heming as Baron Schober, and Courtice Pounds as Franz Schubert

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The Whisky

whose incomparable goodness, better experienced than expressed, promotes that feeling of 'All's Well," is the finishing touch of studied hospitality.

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GUARANTEED PURITY
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LASTING FRAGRANCE

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VESTI LA GIUBBA, and, No 1 Pagliacci, from "Pagliacci." Sung by LAPPAS (No. D1455—5/-).

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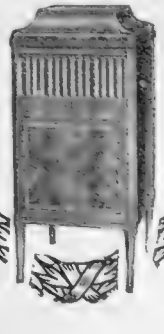


Model No. 30a *Price £70*

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

FROM BOURNVILLE TO WENGEN

Some of the junior employees of Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd., on a winter sports holiday at Wengen, which their firm had arranged for them. This is Messrs. Cadbury's second experiment in this way; needless to say, it has been most successful

there, though frequently very pleasing in the house. Probably this coloured footgear will continue to be exploited to some extent during the summer; but as a ruling fashion it will never prevail.

When in Doubt Ask a—Kelly's Directory

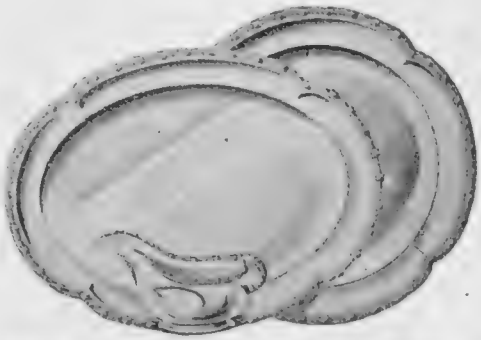
The *Post Office London Directory* for 1924 is by no means the comparatively small volume it was when it made its first appearance in the year of grace, 1799. In fact the briefest glance through its pages, which number in all close on four thousand, make one marvel how so much information can be gleaned within the course of twelve months. Yet this directory, published by Kelly's at 55*s*., contains all the information one expects to find in a work of this nature—and then as much again. For within its covers are street, law, private residents, postal, parliamentary, and clerical directories, together with a very complete trades, and commercial and county suburbs, directory. Those whose visits to London are more in the nature of pleasure than duty are also provided for, as plans of all the London theatres, and a large scale street map are included. Truly a comprehensive collection of information to be found in one volume.

White Sale, Ahoy!

Harrods are launching another one of their majestic white sales. By the time these lines are printed it will be under complete canvas, so to speak—until February 16, three days more. There are some handsome bargains to be had, such as a number of strong quality linen crash roller towels, 18 in. by 3 yds., at 3*s*. 6*d*. each. Bedspreads and sheets, too, have been generously marked down, the former ranging from 12*s*. 9*d*. (print) to 29*s*. 9*d*. (*filet* lace); sheets can be had at all prices, from cotton, 10*s*. a pair, to double-bed hemstitched linen at 99*s*. 6*d*. a pair. *Lingerie*, children's garments, blouses, silks, also afford the careful purchasers some splendid opportunities; and there is a vast range of lace curtains to suit all purses.

Supplying a Real Need

Soup and bread canteens have been opened by the Church Army in connection with the majority of their labour homes throughout the country. These homes are situated in most of the large industrial areas, and to the special canteens come many thousands of poor, half-starved women and children whose distress has been discovered by Church Army workers or by the clergy. Rest-rooms for the male unemployed are open in connection with several of the homes, and the men are able to sit in warmth and comfort instead of spending the time in the streets. Refreshments at cost prices are supplied. These special winter emergency agencies are, of course, in addition to the ordinary work of the labour homes which, in the winter season, have to be maintained at the highest pressure. Prebendary Carlile urgently needs support of all readers towards the varied operations of the Church Army, and would thankfully acknowledge any help sent to him to 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.



SOME BYZANTINE SILVER FROM BIRMINGHAM

Some examples of the 40,000 new silver pieces which have been ordered by the Trocadero Restaurant. As will be noted from the illustration, the exquisite chased borders of the Byzantine style have been faithfully reproduced in this Birmingham silver

The Very Latest Mode

Hand-painted Satin Shoes to match one's Gowns——

A NEW and charming conceit. With shoes hand-painted to match—to *really* match—you can turn even the simplest gown into a creation.

Any style of shoe—in the famous Babers fittings—can be supplied and any pattern or colours matched. The paint used is washable, possesses a wonderful luminosity, and will not fade, crack or peel off.

The beauty and distinction of shoes decorated in this manner must be seen to be believed. Their cost is not high. You are cordially invited to call and inspect specimens.

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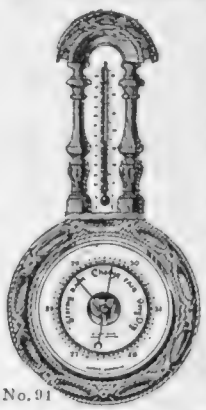
Babers Limited, Jersey. (Opp. D. H. Evans). Tel.: Mayfair 1323.

A Jacobean Oak Barometer.



No. 91

This is a finely finished and well-designed instrument with a visible aneroid movement of the first quality. Its grace of design will be found to harmonise singularly well with almost any period, and it is one that seems particularly suited to the lounge hall.

Constructed of solid carved oak with a polished brass or silvered metal dial and visible movement. The addition of the red spirit thermometer which is attached to the upright completes a most excellent appearance.

Diameter of dial 6½ ins. Size 18½ by 9½ ins. **£1:10:0**

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Dainty Opera Glasses.

These glasses fit snugly into the waistcoat pocket or hand-bag and they are greatly appreciated as gifts now that the opera season is on. Constructed of aluminium, covered with black morocco, and fitted with instantaneous central focussing. Complete in leather case.

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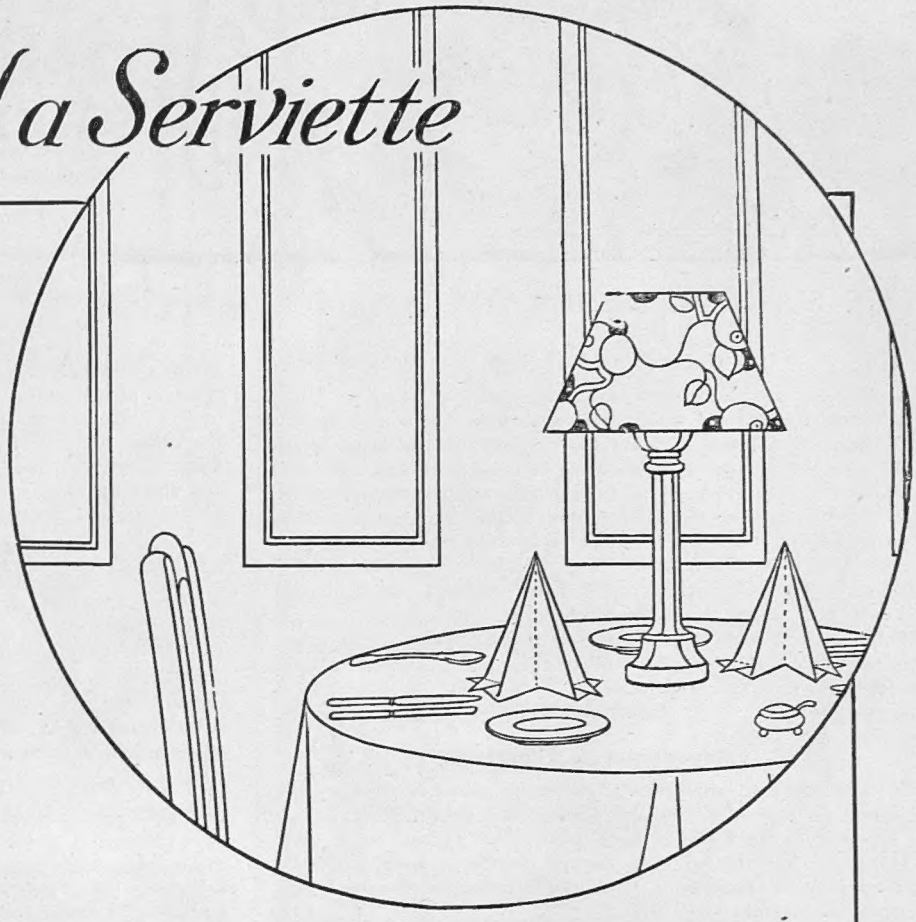
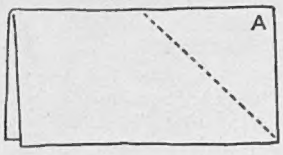
How to fold a Serviette



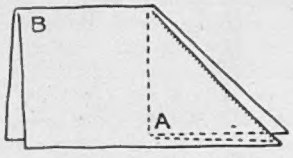
THE PYRAMID

1



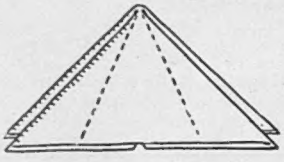
Fold in half from the top, take corner A and pleat inwards between the fold as

2



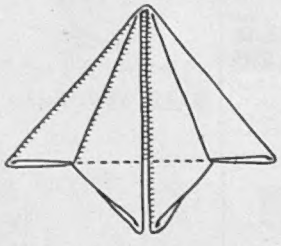
dotted lines A. Repeat the pleat from corner B

3



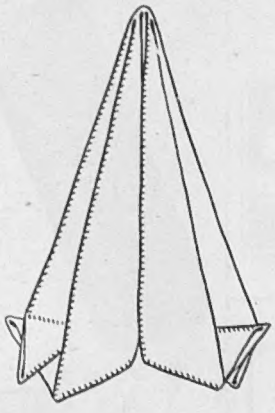
giving you this.
Fold the two sides inwards on dotted lines.

4



Then turn up the bottom ends on dotted line. Turn over the serviette and repeat the folds on the other two sides and bottom ends.

5



Open out to stand, the bottom ends will fall making a base.

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Mix the OMO in a small basin with sufficient cold water to make a thin cream, using one tablespoonful of OMO for every gallon of water.

Pour contents of basin into cold water in the copper and stir until all the OMO is completely dissolved. Then put in the clothes and bring slowly to the boil, following complete directions on packet.

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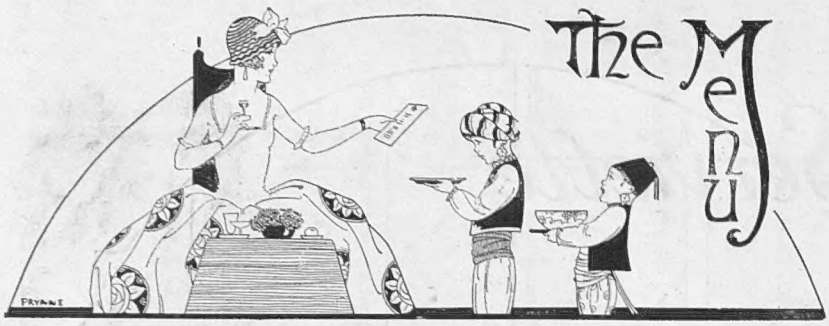

SOME SUITABLE DISHES FOR A DANCE SUPPER

Galantine of Turkey

Bone a turkey and lay it with the inside uppermost; cut the meat from the thick parts and distribute it equally all over the inside, season with salt and pepper. Make some forcemeat with veal, ham, and truffles, put a layer of this over the meat of the bird, then a layer of sliced tongue, then another layer of turkey, then forcemeat, then tongue and truffles. Roll it up and tie it with tape, and put, in a well-buttered cloth, into a stewpan, with two carrots, two onions, a stick of celery, some parsley and peppercorns, and sufficient white stock to cover it. Let it simmer gently for three hours, strain, and let it get cold; remove the cloth and glaze it all over; if any glaze is left, cut into strips and lozenge shapes and garnish the dish with it.

Mayonnaise of Lobster

Cut a lobster into small pieces and pour some tartare sauce over it, taking care to colour the latter with some pounded coral, dish the lobster on a thick bed of shred lettuce, and garnish round with a border of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, olives, fillets of anchovies and chopped aspic; ornament the top with a few sprigs of tarragon and chopped aspic.

Petites Caisses Froides of Pheasant

Cut 3 ozs. of meat from a cold pheasant and 3 ozs. of ham or tongue into pieces the size of a shilling. Chop three mushrooms, and add, with one gill of stock, one gill of cream, ½ oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, a little pepper and cayenne. Put into a stewpan, and stir over the fire till thoroughly hot, but not boiling. Let it get cold, and fill some little china or paper cases. Garnish with some chopped aspic and a little coraline pepper. (N.B.—Aspic jelly can be bought ready made.)

Compôte of Chestnuts

Boil about twenty chestnuts in a pint of milk with a gill of water. When tender, skin them and pound them. Put 4 ozs. of white sugar into a small saucepan with half a teacupful of water. Boil it till it is a syrup. Then put it over the chestnuts in the mortar; pound them to a smooth paste. Whip up half a pint of cream, and place it in the centre of a compôte dish. Place a coarse wire sieve over it, and rub the pounded chestnuts through the sieve on to the cream, keeping it high in the centre. Boil three oranges in water for half an hour; put the rind, juice and pulp into a pan, add the same weight of sugar with a spoonful of maraschino. Boil for ten minutes; when cold put it round the chestnuts and serve.

Tangerine Cream

Boil eight Tangerine oranges in water for an hour. Cut them in halves, and pass the juice and pulp through a hair sieve; add about ½ lb. of castor sugar, beat up the yokes of three eggs, and add to the orange pulp with one tablespoonful of brandy. Boil one pint of cream, and pour it over the other ingredients; stir the mixture all the time; add 1 oz. of dissolved gelatine, and stir till nearly cold; then pour the mixture into a mould, and put away in a cool place to get firm.

Ice Cream Soufflé

Whip a pint of thick cream, add a wineglassful of maraschino; beat the whites of four eggs to snow and mix them lightly with the cream. Then pour into a soufflé dish, which surround with a band of paper two inches higher than the dish. Put it on ice for some hours until required for use.

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MADE IN MANY VARIETIES For LADIES, GENTS CHILDRENS, BOOTS & SHOES in ALL POPULAR SHADES
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2d. CHOCOLATE Marshmallows
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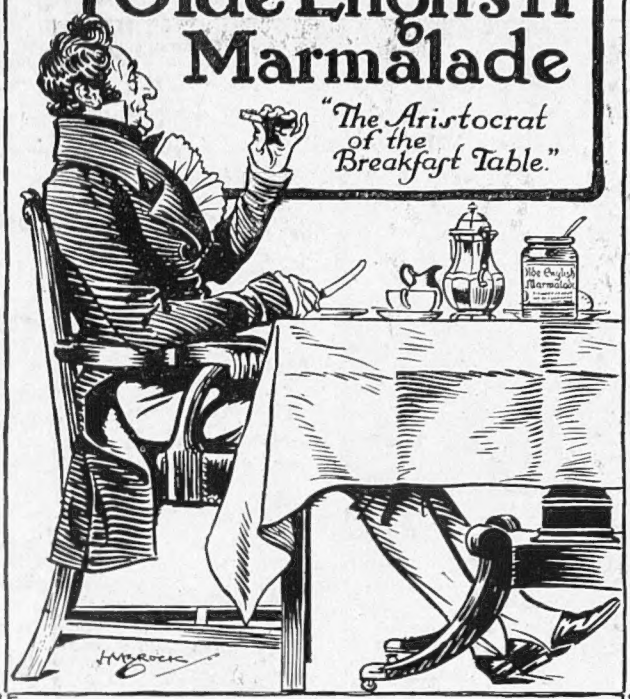

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When you step into the "Corslo-Pantalon," fasten it at the back, and attach its two inner sets of suspenders to your stockings, you have thus instantly put on the equivalent of chemise, knickers, corset and camisole, and have secured the naturally supple and straighily slender figure effect which is absolutely demanded by the new fashion. Moreover, the "Corslo-Pantalon" means special daintiness as well as comfort and grace for its wearers. For as only two short central whalebones are introduced, and these can instantly be removed, and just as readily replaced, without any unstitching or resewing, the whole garment can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes and even those who do not adopt it for every-day wear will be well advised to have a "Corslo-Pantalon" in readiness, to ensure the right silhouette for some special day gown or dance frock. As of course its cool freshness will be a real comfort in tropical heat, it is indispensable for Indian and Colonial Outfits and Trousseaux. Measurements required when ordering: waist, bust and hips. In good quality cotton tricot.

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